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VI.

A Day in the Wine Country of the Palatinate, and Some Account of a Church-fest.

It was a beautiful day in August and in a long omnibus, beside the Americans were Herr Werner with a part of his family, Herr Wittleman and all of his family, with a brother from Munich and seven others. There were children as young as seven, matrons of 48, and young girls of all ages. It was an enormous omnibus, and the party numbered 20, and the horses were, as all horses for public use in this part of Germany are, except the brewers' and Government's, as poor and scraggy as a cow would wish to anticipate. But they pulled the enormous load along at a spanking pace, a rate of speed made possible by the absolutely hard and smooth roads. I shall never stop referring to the roads of Germany till American communities commence to build likewise. Six stout American horses could not have pulled the load on the ordinary American road that our two animated skeletons did for a jaunt of 20 miles and back. Roads as smooth, as a floor, and even in rain dry and solid. There is nothing to call for strength. The immense omnibus, heavy and clumsy, when once started almost went of itself.

LUNCH.

Twelve miles out the children clamored for lunch. It was forthcoming, for no German mother ever goes anywhere without providing lunch. What was it? An immense loaf of bread, without butter, and three kinds of sausage, and a few bottles of wine. The simple food was eaten with evident gusto, and it was probably a thousand times better than an American child or adult for that matter, unless the dainty cake and stomach assorting pie that makes up the staple of an American lunch. There is no dyspepsia in plain bread and sausage. This explains the readiness of German children and the universal health.

Out into the beautiful country through fields without fences, flat as a prairie, divided into minute sections, each one planted with a different growth, we meet many more clumsy wagons drawn by oxen, and still more clumsy carts drawn by cows. We pass children gathering tiny particle of manure on the road; we see sisters in the fields digging delving and raising till finally we come to a country so absolutely sterile that it will produce nothing in the vegetable way. Its sandy land is put to a purpose, however, for it is given the wood supply. For miles and miles the road runs through a dead forest of scrubby pine trees planted years ago, and now at an age when they will soon be ready for use. They are planted in long rows, and stand there like so many soldiers in ranks.

After leaving the forest there is a slight elevation, and we are on the edge of the wine growing country of the Palatinate. On our right the land slopes gradually down to a rich, fertile valley, where grain is grown. The sides of this incline form one continuous vineyard of thousands of acres. In this part of the Rhine is grown some of the finest of the Rhine wines, and of course great care is taken with the vine to keep up the standard. All along the roadside are little stone posts, two or two and a half feet high, at intervals of three feet. From these posts run wires upon which the vines are carefully trained, the supporting posts being placed so close together that under no circumstances can the vine become loosened and fall to the ground. The soil is a gravelly loam, which does not require so much care as the richer loams further down the valley, but even here the greatest care is taken, every one of the long rows being as carefully hoed as though the salvation of the crop depended upon the extermination of every suspicion of a weed. The fields were full of women, men and boys rooting out the weeds, loosening the soil around the roots, and taking off the withered leaves. As these leaves and branches are carefully saved, for in frugal Germany nothing is wasted. Old women, bare footed, trudge along the road bearing great loads of these branches, leaves and prunings on their heads. They are taken to their homes, the twigs to be used for fuel in the cold Winter, and the leaves composted for manure.

To one not thoroughly posted in grape culture it seemed a waste of time to bestow so much time and attention on these vines, after the heavy rains that had been flooding the country during the previous three or four weeks, accompanied with the cold afternoons and nights. But they must be cared for, even though this year's crop is a certain failure. There is another year coming and the vines must be kept in condition. The ground between the rows was clean and free from weeds, and the vines trimmed with the utmost care.

DURKHEIM.

The road runs along between these vast vineyards for miles and miles, and then descending a long hill we are in Durkheim, from which the wine made in this district takes its name, and where it is all marketed. In this country the vineyard proprietors do not sell their grapes to wine pressers, but each one presses his own grapes and handles the product. The wine of each vineyard is known, for though the wine of the entire district is alike in general characteristics, one grower possesses more skill in handling his wine than another, one is a better farmer than another and his wine has a better reputation. The buyers come to Durkheim from all over the world, and in the large beer and wine halls meet the producers. The buyer takes the various crops and puts them through another process. Where a wine is above a certain standard it is kept by itself, but the common grades, those that run together, are mixed and shipped. One New York wine house keeps a buyer the year around in Durkheim. The wines of this section do not improve after they are four years old.

Leaving Durkheim, the road begins to wind along the pretty Isenacht Valley, at the head of which, about a mile from the town, are the picturesque ruins of the Benedictine Abbey of Limburg. This ruin, one of the most striking in all the Rhine region, was at one time the chateau of the Salic Count, Conrad the Elder, who was elected King of Germany in 1024. A favorite son of his having perished in battle, he and his Queen converted the ancestral pile into a religious house for the welfare of his soul. Accordingly, on the 12th of July, 1030, the same day that the corner-stone of the Speyer Cathedral was laid, he laid the first stone of the chapel, the ruins of which are now seen. On its completion it was presented to the Benedictines, who soon acquired large possessions in the vicinity. The Abbey was, however, destroyed in 1504 and though partially rebuilt it never was the place it had been, and the Abbey being suppressed in 1574, it gradually fell into decay and has ever since remained as it is to-day. As the road winds in and out of the valley several different views, each one very picturesque, are obtained of the fine old ruin.

A short run through quaint Villages so built in the valley that the roofs of the houses are on a level with the road and we were in Hardenburg, which takes its name from the ancient castle situated on a hill overlooking the Village,

THE ROBBER BARONS.

Off to the right of the village is a peak something over 400 feet above the valley, and crowned with the ruins of a castle built hundreds of years ago and abandoned when civilization made it useless. It was built, of course, by a knight who wanted an eligible point for his operations. These gentry knew exactly where to build. At Weinheim, the other side of Mannheim, is another of them, overlooking, as does this, the road that the merchants had to take to go from anywhere to the great fairs held in Frankfort. They came with their armed followers, selected one of these peaks entirely inaccessible except by a single path zig-zagging up an almost perpendicular mountain, a path so narrow and steep that a half-dozen men could defend it against an army. Then they went down into the valley among the Villages and drafted the poor peasants into their service, taking them, as the phrase was, "under their protection." They compelled them to hew out the stone and timber and do all the work of building a stronghold that was to afflict them forever. And as it cost them nothing they built them well and strongly. There was no Government contract swindling about their work. Walls 10 to 20 feet thick, with little slits in them, from which an archer could stand and shoot without being at all exposed; great arched vaults beneath, with stables for horses, and places for forges, where arrow heads might be made, and armor and arms repaired and horses shod. Banqueting halls where, after a successful foray, the cut-throats could revel to their hearts' content, and chambers of all sorts and descriptions.

Then there was always a very high tower from which the whole valley could be seen. In the morning the watchman would report a party of merchants in sight, and then came preparations. The men at arms donned their armor and down the narrow path they rode. The valley reached the mercantile party was requested to halt. Sometimes there was a fight, for possibly the merchants had brought with them a force of other cut throats, but as a rule it was a parley. The knight would remark to the merchants that he was not sanguinary, he did not want to slaughter them all; all that he wanted was a reasonable toll to repay him for "protecting" the road. There would be much haggling over the terms, but finally the merchants would agree to the demand. Then came another bargain. The Knight would suggest that Baron Rudolph would be laying for them at Weinheim, and Baron Hugo farther on, and that for another consideration he would send a party strong enough to protect them all the way to Frankfort. He had men enough to spare, and besides, as Rudolph was his own cousin, he wouldn't attack any party under his protection. And so the poor merchants generally consented, for if they did not the Knight might change his mind and take everything they had, even if worse did not follow.

Of course these Knights fought with each other, for each one wanted as much territory as possible, and besides they loved fighting as an Englishman does beer. If successful it was all well enough—if not, it was easy enough to retreat to their strongholds, which a dozen men could easily defend against any force that could be brought before it.

The ruins of a chapel are yet to be seen, erected by a pious mother for the repose of the souls of her four sons, robber knights, who were slain in one of these predatory excursions.

As civilization progressed and robbery went somewhat out of fashion—this kind of robbery—these castles fell into the hands of nobles who had some semblance of legal title to them through the Kings that somehow grew up, and were their seats until, one by one, they were destroyed. The one overlooking Hardenburgh, once the seat of the Counts of Hardenbourgh, was destroyed by the French General Melac, the one who demolished the great Schloss at Heidelberg, and who destroyed so many of these places that he obtained the unenviable title of the "Destroyer of the Palatinate."

These strong-holds were all very well when the weapons were bows and arrows, spears and swords, but they were nothing against the projectiles of even an hundred years ago. They would not stand against the artillery of to-day 15 minutes, massive and strong as they are.

A TYPICAL GERMAN VILLAGE.

Hardenburg is as primitive a village as there is in the Palatinate. It has never been improved. The houses are precisely as they were built hundreds of years ago, and they will always remains so. The average house in original German villages is one low story, with another made of a fearfully steep roof, covered with red tiles. The entrance is on a level with the street and the first floor is of stone. The village consists of one long straggling street, following the devious course of a stream, with perhaps a dozen small shops devoted to the sale of the very few articles the villager needs mostly tobacco and materials for knitting. There are no sidewalks the middle of the road being considered quite good enough to walk upon, and the houses invariably come flush to the edge of the streets. Behind each one, however, is a delightful garden, and in that, under beautiful trees, the families take their meals in the Summer, and their social enjoyment.

We explored the shops, $35 would cover the stock in all of them. How we came to explore them was a lady in the party wanted a tooth-brush, but she was unable to find the article in the Village. They live as their fathers did, and are content, and who shall say that their life is not the best after all? They eat, drink, sleep and talk, and where can any one do more? The two old women, each in front of her own door gossipping—the street is so narrow that this is possible—doubtless enjoy their talk as much as two old dowagers in a drawing room in London. It's all the same. Only the Hardenburgians get their enjoyment at much less wear and tear. They are not troubled about their appearance for their garments are all alike and worn till they will no longer hold and then are made over for the children. Their shoes, when they indulge in such luxuries, are either very substantial leather or of wood, so a boot-black would make a poor living there. It was a relief to get into a purely primitive Village where the tourist comes not and the Summer boarder is almost unknown.

Of one thing there is no lack in Hardenburgh, or for that matter anywhere in Germany, and that is children. We saw children by the dozen and by the hundred. They were in groups in front of every door, they were running in the streets, climbing the mountains, at work in the fields, and a woman in Hardenburgh walking out is always followed by a procession of them. It would seem to be necessary when they retire at night to call the roll to see that none are missing.

KEEPING UP THE SUPPLY.

So many thousands of Germans land in America each month that it would naturally be supposed that Germany would be depopulated in the course of time. There is no danger of this. Despite the continual drain upon the country its population is increasing and its Cities and Villages are growing steadily. In all the Cities there is as much building in progress as in the average American City, and year by year they are extending their borders. Emigrate as the people may the population of Germany will increase, for the Germans obey the command to multiply and replenish the earth, literally. A round dozen children is a very common thing, and 15, and even more, excite no especial comment. One woman who keeps a vegetable stall in one of the markets in Mannheim has 20 living, and her days of usefulness are not yet passed, by any means. In this little Village one saw any number of sturdy women followed by 10 or a dozen healthy children, graded in hight like a flight of stairs bareheaded and barefooted, but as healthy as deer and as active as rats.

They can afford the luxury for children, for it cost very little to support them. The rich bring up their children very plainly, and the girl of the poor man is not pampered with cake and luxurious living. A slice of bread from the black loaf, without butter, and a mouthful of very cheap beer, or very sour wine, makes its meal, and the clothing for the entire dozen in the family costs less than that of one average American child of the poorest class. They are not weaned upon confectionery and brought up on sponge cake. There is no danger of the depopulation of Germany, emigrate as rapidly as they may. The supply will always equal the demand.

From the little inn our party, men, women and children, strengthened by the accession of Herr Jean Beckar, celebrated violin virtuoso, who, by the way, is to visit America next year, started for the ruined Schloss, 400 feet up the mountain.

THE CASTLE.

The ascent is very easy, the path zig-zaging up the hill. From the summit the view is magnificent, the whole valley spreading out, a great sea of green, flecked here and there with the clusters of red tiled houses, the whole overlooked by the ruined castle of Limburg. This Hardenburg castle is, or was in its time, a very extensive pile, and was built very strongly. It was erected about the year 1,209 by the Counts of Leiningen, who, after ward enlarged and beautified it. In 1794 it was blown up by the French, who had a mania for destroying everything German that they could lay their hands upon, and since that time there has been no attempt to restore it, although care has been taken to keep what does remain in a good state of preservation. The interior shows that the old-time builders thoroughly understood their business, for the foundations and walls, if let alone, will stand the ravages of time for hundreds of years yet. There are yet standing great vaulted chambers, where the old knights held high revels; there are dark, noisome dungeons for prison cells. There are remnants of what was once the council chamber, and judging from the fragments of pillars and arches that are yet to be seen, it must have been a wonderfully beautiful room. Up a flight of huge stone steps cut out of the solid rock, and you come to a great tower, which was a lookout commanding the valley. You go down into deep cavern's with winding passages, bringing up suddenly when you least expect it, against a dead wall, with large openings, from which they dropped huge stones down on the heads of the attacking forces. Back of the castle is a court with a lawn as smooth as velvet, adorned with a great stone basin, all that is left of what was at one time a splendid fountain. Through the court is a large open place commanding another fine view of the valley. Here there are massive old lime trees, under which are tables and benches hewn out of solid rock. On this lovely grass plot the old Knights held their tournaments, and around these very tables, seated on these very benches, the fair women and brave robbers of old drank the wine of the beautiful valley. Those old fellows had good thing of it.

By the time we were back to the little inn, dinner was announced and we were all hungry enough to do ample justice to the solid cookery that is found all over Germany. The food was excellent, and the wine that accompanied it—well, it was from the very valley through which we had been riding all the forenoon, and was delicious. A cup of coffee in the pretty garden overlooking the valley, and then we started on our great tramp up the mountains.

Coming into Durkheim the road was full of men, women and children pulling carts loaded with vine prunings. Going out of Hardenburg toward the mountains the road was dotted with the same kind of carts, either going to the mountains for fuel, or coming back loaded. Every one, even the little girls, had a clumsy hatchet, and the mother of the family generally pulled the cart. The people here toil up the steep mountain side and collect all the fallen branches and twigs they find, and this makes their fuel for the Winter. How women pull such enormous loads puzzles an American, but they do it, and seem to do it as a matter of course, the husband marching by her side, smoking his enormous pipe, as though that was the part he had to do toward the support of the family.

CLIMBING THE MOUNTAINS.

Half an hour found us toiling up what Mr. Tibbitts termed a rather steepish hilliside. It was "rather steepish" going up a mountain side at an elevation of not less than 45 degrees. Mr. Tibbitts poohpoohed at it, and remarked to the German element in the party that it was nothing compared with what he had experienced in the Sierra Nevadas (he had never been west of the Missouri) and that there was where you wanted to go to get climbing. This was mere before-breakfast work.

On we toiled, men, women and children, the women disdaining the paths and taking all the short cuts, and the children skipping up the narrow paths like so many goats. Up we went till Mr. Tibbits, who had started out so gamily, began to lag, and finally we looked back and found him seated comfortably on a stone. He insisted that he wasn't tired, and could go on any number of hours, but what was the use? And beside he enjoyed the prospect at this particular point.

Exactly one thousand feet from the level of the valley are the ruins of another robber stronghold, placed on an almost inaccessible cliff, and commanding a view of the beautiful valley road, both up and down.

The view from this point is superb. We stood on the ruins of what had once been the tower of a castle, one of the chain that runs through the whole Rhine country. Opposite us, reaching high above our heads are the Haardt Mountains, stretching way off to the right and left till they are lost in the distance while at their foot is the lovely valley of the Isenacht. We could see the castle at Hardenburg distinctly, and beyond it almost hidden by a bend of the river the Limburg Castle peeping up above the trees that embowered it.

From the old castle down about 500 feet, Mr. Tibbitts supposing that we were on our way to the little inn in the valley, and he looked pleased when we were finally at the bottom of the ravine. To his horror we did not even stop at the bottom but commenced another ascent.

TIBBITTS GETS ENOUGH.

"Whither?" demanded the panting young climber of the Sierras.

He was informed that we had only commenced the afternoon's work. Could he not see at the summit of the mountain before him a peak from which the finest view in this part of Germany was attainable? It was only 1,500 feet above where we were standing, and to an experienced climber what was 1 500 feet? Were it ten times that distance it would be something to think of, but 1,500!

There was a struggle in Mr. Tibbitts, mind, but his pride triumphed over his legs and he started, though very slowly and with great care. A person unused to climbing needs be very careful as to premature boasting.

The path led for nearly half an hour through a pine forest the trees of which overlapped and made a continuous arbor for us. Then we came to an open space and high above us was seen the great rock that was our objective point. It certainly did seem a long way, but we had started, and it would not do to turn back now, so up we went. There was no path, and we had to scramble along as best we could. The children, notwithstanding the long walk they had already had, scampered up the steep sides and were soon on the very summit. We toiled along in the most painful manner, stopping frequently to take breath and rest. About half way up there was a road that apparently led down the hill by an other way. At this point two or three of the portlier members of the party determined to wait till the rest came down from the top, and Mr. Tibbitts promptly volunteered to keep them company. But they were met with the cheerful answer that the path down was on the other side of the mountain and they would have to go to the very top, or take their chances of being lost. They did it, but they were fearfully and frightfully angry when they found afterward that the path down was the identical one that took them to the top. It was a long hard pull, but at last we all stood on the top. It was a wonderful panorama that lay spread out at our feet. Is is the highest point of the Hardt mountains, and it commands the whole country around for miles and miles in every direction. On all sides were the high hills that make up the chain, while to the west was the narrow valley of the Isenacht, gradually widening till just beyond Durkheim where it empties, so to speak, into the great, broad valley of the Rhine. Way off in the distance, sparkling in the light of the sun, that was slowly sinking out of sight, were the pretty Villages of the fertile valley, beyond a glittering thread that, winding in and out, showed the course of the Rhine, and beyond this, just discernible, was a misty, bluish outline of the mountains on the other side of the Rhine Valley. It was a glorious sight, and even the least enthusiastic member of the party said it was well worth the toil and trouble of the long and tiresome ascent.

But they did not reckon on going down. Climbing up is hard enough but when it comes to going down again there is a strain on the knees that is really terrible. We walked and walked, and half ran, and became thoroly tired, long before we saw the white road shining far below us. Another 20 minutes however, saw us out of the woods, off the mountain, and well on our way to the inn, after having spent exactly six hours in going up and coming down. On reaching the inn we found that our host, with true German thoughtfulness, had placed a small keg of beer on ice, and as soon as we had removed the stains of climbing ushered us into a room where there was a substantial lunch flanked with foaming tankards. There was never a meal cooked that tasted so good as did that homely lunch. We had earned it and we enjoyed it.

Then came the long ride back home again. By this time it was dark and the ride would have been anything but pleasant, had it not been for the big, round moon that shed a beautiful light over the valley and made it one of wonderful beauty. As we whirled through Durkheim the Germans, all, even the children, sang refrains in which the passers by joined. Then, as we reached the smooth roads, and the wagon rumbled around with scarcely a jar, one by one the voices dropped off and the tired children slept until the rattling of the wagon over the stony streets of Ludwigshafen roused us and told us that our day was at an end.

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A CHURCH FESTIVAL.

In the country districts, which is to say in the villages in the Paz country, the churches have every year a festival, held presumably upon the anniversary of the founding of the church, commencing Sunday morning and lasting three days. We visited one at Neckarau, a little Village near Manheim.

There is a service Sunday morning, a very brief one, so brief as to give color to the suspicion that the entire congregation, pastor and all, want to be out of the church into the streets. Service over at about 11, the real business of the festival begins. The narrow streets are filled with every kind of game and amusement for old and young that can possibly be devised. There are merry go rounds" for the children—not the clumsy affairs that we have in America, but elaborate machines that will accommodate 30 children at a time—the hobby horses artistically constructed and fearfully and wonderfully painted propelled by an immense real horse, and going gaily to the plaasings of a great organ, accompanied by a cornet and bass drum. The price of six tunes is a coin of about half the value of an American cent, and the machine was always full. On the streets are an hundred different kinds of games, the merits of each being howled precisely as they are at circuses. County fairs and such places in America. One woman shouted and shrieked the certainty of winning a "mark" (23 cents) by the investment of a "pfennig (one-fourth of a cent). There is a diminutive pin set up and suspended above it by a string is a ball. You swing the ball past the pin, and if you so swing it that on its return it knocks down the pin, you receive for your pfennig an hundred times the amount. The proprietor of the game swings the ball carelessly and knocks down the pin every time, demonstrating to the yokel looking on how easy it is to do it. The coin necessary to the acquirement of a fortune is laid down, the pendulum is swung, and lo! it doesn't touch the pin at all. Another trial is had, and another, and another, but always with the same result. The experimenter has whatever amusement there may be in it for his money, and that is all. It takes much practice and a peculiar twist to do it, which no layman ever attains.

GAMES OF CHANCE.

But all the same the operator keeps it going, and a rich harvest of copper she reaps.

"Here you are! A chance for a fortune. You want another cow and you havn't the money to buy her with. Come here and get it of me. All you have to do is to lay down a pfennig, swing the ball, thus, (she swings it and it knocks the pin down as easy as winking). You knock the pin and I give you a mark. Do it enough times and you have your cow. Here you are, a mark for a pfennig. I couldn't do it only I am rich and benevolent. Try your luck; nothing ventured, nothing gained. If you don't sow you can't reap. Walk right up and try. Winter is coming and you want clothes. I would give you the mark without your pfennig, only you ought to have the amusement of swinging the ball. (A young fellow tries it and loses, of course.) Ah, you lose! You didn't swing the ball right. This is the way it is done. (She swings it successfully.) You gave it the wrong twist. I saw it, but it was too late to tell you. Try again. Faint heart never won fair lady. (And her trial with the same result.) Ah! you will twist it the wrong way. Do it thus. After all what is two pfennig, when you will get a mark the next time?"

And so on till the innocent youth has invested all his spare money and wishes he had saved it for beer.

There are large boards on the ground, covered with coin, from five marks down to a pfennig, and you are invited to toss 10 small iron rings for a small consideration, and you are entitled to whatever coin your rings encircle. It looks easy enough, inasmuch as there are 50 coins on the board, and it should be that with 10 rings one coin should be corralled. There are enough willing to invest for a trial, but not once in a thousand throws is anything captured. There are games like chuck-a-luck, of which the poet wrote, "The more you lay down the less you take up;" there are sweat-cloths, lotteries that are drawn on the spot, all of which goes to show that human nature is the same everywhere. The country boy on both sides of the water, taken in a hundred times, always tries the game just once more. Experience ought to be a good teacher, but in these matters it is not. The chuck-a-luck man is always sure of a living. The long crooked streets are full of these catch penny affairs, together with booths for the sale of everything the country German eats, drinks and wears.

DANCING AND BEER.

But the great point of attraction is the dancing-halls and the beer-shops. Beer runs in rivers. It is everywhere. Above each beer-shop is a large room devoted to dancing. At one end sits a band composed of two violins, a bass viol and a cornet, who scrape and blow away incessantly, no matter whether anybody be on the floor or not. To these halls come the country boys and their girls, and setting down their beer, whirl off into a waltz which lasts until one or both are worn out. The floor is generally full, the band playing an unending waltz and the people dancing till nature calls for rest and more beer. There is a delightful freedom in their enjoyment—the men waltz with their hats on and their pipes in their mouths. They never remove their pipes except to fill them or drink beer.

The pastor of the church whose "fest" it is, is all this time in the best room of the largest inn, with the Burgomaster and a few principal citizens, drinking either wine or beer, and smoking pipes rather longer than those used by the common people, as befits their exalted position. The more uproar there is upon the street the better they like it, for the success of the fest is gaged by the amount of beer consumed and the size of the throng upon the streets. It is not difficult to imagine two pastors meeting.

"What kind of a fest did you have?"

"Splendid! On Sunday there were more than 200 barrels of beer sold, every dancing hall was full, and we were favored with 50 chuck luck tables and quite as many more sweat-cloths. And yours?"

"Very bad. It rained all the three days. However, the beer halls were full and there was a great deal of dancing. My people are zealous."

Religion in Germany and religion in America are two entirely different things. An Indiana Methodist, with his ideas of Sunday observance, would scarcely do for a pastor of a Protestant church in the Pfalz.

The dancing and merry-making continues till late in the night. When it is too dark to see the streets are emptied into the halls, and the fun waxes fast and furious, till, completely worn out, the tired people get them to their homes only to resume the same thing on the morrow.

Mr. Tibbitts danced nearly the whole day, and all the night so long as there was a violinist to scrape, a cornetist to toot, and a buxom girl to seize. He remarked that while he was sorry to say that he was not as religious as he should be, he had a profound respect for religion and felt it a duty to demonstrate it wherever practicable. Were he in Turkey he should visit mosques, and as far as he could, conform to their ideas. In Roman Catholic countries he should show proper respect for that religion and he certainly should do so here. This is a church festival. The people here celebrate their church days with dancing, drinking beer, and tossing rings for money. He should consider himself a bad man did he not pay very proper respect to their methods, by doing as they do. He would be as zealous as any German among them, and they should not complain that Americans jeered at their customs and made light of their religious ceremonies, by coldly abstaining.

And he linked his twined his arm about the waist of a German girl, who weighed perhaps 200 pounds and whirled off with that solemn expression of countenance that English speaking people always wear when they are having organized pleasure.

For the Blade.

A HYMN OF PEACE.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

(Delivered before a Camp fire of the Ransom Post, G. A. R., at Mason, Ill., Oct. 19, 1882.)

Happy the day! but happier far the land,
Unblighted by the battle's fiery breath;
Happy the day, when ancient foemen stand
Around one camp-fire, and one flag beneath;
When grasses spring in trenches of the slain,
And pathless meadows glow with golden grain,
And Time hath kissed away each crimson stain,
And tender memories drape the fields of death.

Happy the day! when under mild-eyed stars,
The loit'ring maiden and the loyal swain,
No longer catch the clam'rous peal of wars,
Upblown from harvest-lands of blood and pain;
Happy the day! when strife and discord cease,
And clouds let fly the snowy doves of peace,
And every patriot from his doorstep sees
Serener joys around his cottage reign.

Happy the day! when widows' cries are stilled,
And sabers into pruning-hooks are made;
Happy the day, with Autumn fruitage filled,
When marts are tingling to the tramp of trade;
When shining plows write hymnals in the sod
And timely showers caress the crumbling clod,
And merry toilers carol as they plod,
Among the hills, and thro' the sun lit glade.

Happy the day! when freemen's feet shall tread,
With equal pace the slipp'ry slopes of time;
Happy the day! when all mankind are led
To brand with infamy the brows of crime;
When reeking Tyranny has burned his whips,
And billows blossom with the sails of ships,
And all the world, released from its eclipse,
Rolls onward like a poet's mellow rhyme.

Happy the day! when sturdy axes ring
Reluctant anthems from the mountain pine;
When hammers clash, and shining spindles sing
The symphonies of industry divine;
When temples gleam, and marble Cities rise,
And glist'ning turrets fret the vaulted skies,
And kings grow tremulous, and men grow wise,
And love and valor round our altars twine.

Happy the day! when stainless statesmen stand
And trance the list'ning Senates with their speech;
When purer laws enwrap the laughing land,
And monarchs tremble at the truths we teach;
Happy the day! when from the warrior's brow,
Love takes with tender hand the laurel bough,
And crowns her prince that plods behind the plow,
And nations cling like brothers, each to each.

Dispensations of Providence.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Parents will not punish bad small-boy; fool Judges dismiss them when they are arrested; and so Providence has sent the toy pistol to thin them out. In a few years the small boy will be nearly extinct.

Written Expressly for the Toledo Blade.

Throne and Scaffold

A Historical Romance.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

BOOK III—THE EARL.

CHAPTER III.

THE HEADS ON LONDON BRIDGE.

On the morning of the 10th of February Queen Katherine was roused by Cicely at an early hour to prepare for the terrible journey to the Tower, which neither of them could doubt was but the preliminary step to the scaffold.

While there had been reasonable hope that Cranmer's promises would be carried into effect, while there had been even the faintest grounds for supposing that some faint vestige of the love which the King once bore to Katherine would intervene to prevent the dread execution of the law of blood, the Queen had been nervous and excited, now a prey to fits of the deepest despondency and hysterical in her wild, imploring cries to Henry, her husband, to save her from her enemies; anon, gay and merry, as, buoyed up by hope, she spoke confidently of the time when all doubts and accusations should be cleared away, and she again restored to the proud position she had once held.

Now that the terrible blow had virtually fallen, for with her commitment to the Tower all hope of restoration, if not of life, died, Cicely dreaded the awaking of her royal mistress, anticipating some violent outburst of tears, if not the complete failing of an overwrought brain; but, to her surprise, as Katherine opened her large, lustrous eyes for the last time within the walls of Sion Abbey she she was calm and collected, and with a solemn smile bade Cicely deck her hair becomingly. "For," said she, "I would not that mine enemies should say death had such terrors for me that it hath destroyed the beauty which it was once the pleasure of My Lord the King to honor with his praise."

The rough and discourteous officer, who had doubtless been selected for the task of escorting the Queen to the Tower by some of Katherine's enemies, rudely broke in upon her as she attempted, at Cicely's pressing solicitation, to prepare herself for the fatigues of a day's journey by some light refreshment, and, without so much as the salutation due from an officer to ladies, informed them that the tide served and that the boat waited.

Then it was that Katherine, rising with queenly dignity, ordered him to bide *her* time, nor venture again into her private chamber unless summoned, and the man, coward at heart as all such braggarts are, slunk from her presence like a whipped hound.

It was probably owing to this firmness on the Queen's part, that when she was ready to take her departure the officer offered but slight remonstrance, on Katherine's declaring she would not journey without an attendant.

"'Tis not so many pretty damsels, that be eager to travel to the Tower," he said with a leer at Cicely, which brought the hot blood to her cheek. She would not trust herself to reply, but took her seat by the Queen's side in an open boat, propelled by four rowers, who, at a signal from the officer in charge, pushed off from the shore.

And so Queen Katherine, so lately the petted favorite of the most puissant monarch of Europe, started on the last journey she was destined to make.

Dull, dismal, and drear as was the dismantled Abbey, now known as the Palace of Sion, Katherine's eyes dwelt wistfully on the blank walls, in which, at least she had found a peaceful retreat from her enemies, and her gaze rested lovingly upon the green turf, sloping to the water's edge, until a bend in the river hid it from her view.

Then with a sad and weary indrawn sigh, she pulled the scanty wraps with which she had been provided closer around her and for more than an hour never broke the silence, which was alone disturbed by the measured splash of the oars, as the heavy boat moved slowly on its way towards London, the Tower, and the Scaffold.

Cicely's brain was busy with other things than the impending fate of her royal mistress, dearly though she loved Katherine, almost gladly as she would have shared her captivity.

By some means, which she was at a loss to explain she had not been included amongst the Queen's friends who had suffered imprisonment, torture and death as accomplices in the crimes of which the highest lady in England was accused, and now it was only by favor that she, a free woman and no prisoner was accompanying her mistress to the Tower.

When the iron gratings should be closed in the gloomy Traitor's Gate, when the massive iron-shod doors should shut with a reverberating clang, and Katherine should be a captive on the one side, she a free woman on the other, what should she do then?

She had no friends in London to whom she could go for food or shelter, she had no money, and Godfrey, her lover, her natural protector, where was he?

For all she knew his head was withering by the side of Derham's on the gate of London Bridge. If not that, peradventure in one of those ghastly dungeons, which were known to exist within the Tower, he was locked, crammed into an unnatural position, unable either to stand at full hight or lie at full length. Possibly each succeeding day he was carried to the torture chamber, and there, by pains and torments, such as it seemed impossible human beings could have invented, he was interrogated, in the vain hope that agony would wrench from him some word to be twisted as a condemnation of his Queen.

All these thoughts thronged thick and fast into Cicely's mind, as the slow, measured strokes of the rowers brought them every moment nearer London.

Then, taking the more hopeful view, supposing Godfrey had obtained his liberty, though she was at a loss to imagine by what means he could have done so, for few incarcerated under the royal warrant, ever again saw the light of day unless on their passage from the dungeon to the scaffold. If he were free how could she possibly hope to find him in that great labyrinth of streets and houses through which it was impossible for a respectable woman to pass unprotected.

The outlook for her was gloomy in the extreme.

On either side of the two women—Queen and subject—brought to the same level by common misfortune, armed soldiers kept watch and guard. Facing them, with a malignant scowl upon his face, sat the officer who had so brutally abused the trust confided to him, and thus under strict surveillance it was impossible for the two unfortunate women to hold anything like private conversation, or even to interchange remarks, save upon the commonest and most ordinary matters.

Slowly and wearily the day dragged on, slowly and wearily the boat, heavily laden, passed down the stream; those who watched it from the banks, or passed it in wherries or in skiffs, little dreaming that the female figure muffled close in cloaks and wraps and guarded by soldiers was still nominally Queen of England, and but a few short weeks before had swayed by her smile the will of the most despotic monarch who ever sat upon the English throne.

Following the windings of the river, dull, thick, drear and gray in the cold air of a February afternoon, the occupants of the boat lapsed into silence as they neared the great City.

It was only when they reached Lambeth that Katherine bestirred herself, and raising her head, looked long and wistfully at the well-remembered part of the river.

There, upon her right hand lay the long, low pile of buildings, the Town residence of the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk. There it was Katherine had passed the greater portion of her young life; there it was she had first met Derham, the man who had exercised so evil an influence over her, but had paid the penalty of his career at Tyburn; there, too, on her left, dim in the rising mist, were the Towers of Westminster Abbey; and straining her eyes she could faintly discern the steps, whence her royal lover only a short 18 months since, was accustomed to embark on his clandestine visits to his future Queen.

As all these memories thronged upon the unhappy, disgraced woman, who for so short a time had worn the crown of sovereignty, she silently stretched forth her hand and grasped that of Cicely, who, not less moved than Katherine, wept silently, but none the less bitterly, as she recalled with what bright dreams she had left Lambeth and the service of Her Grace of Norfolk, to accompany her royal mistress to Court.

On, and still on, went the boat, urged but slowly by the wearied arms of the rowers. The day was fast drawing to a close, when spectral and indistinct old London bridge loomed through the gathering fog, with its rows of irregular houses, its narrow arches, and its grim gateway, on the top of which it was the custom to affix by means of long iron spikes, the heads of traitors.

It was, as they were passing Southwark, that for the first time the officer noticed a small skiff, which, with varying and uncertain course, now nearer, now farther, yet seemed to follow them on their route.

"Give heed to yon boatman," said the officer to one of the men, "and should he venture too near, try if thou hast lost thy skill with the harquebuss—serve him with a leaden supper, an he approach too close."

Whether or not the solitary boatman could have heard this order it is impossible to say with any certainty, but at any rate he made no effort to approach the barge which bore the royal prisoner, though he still steered the same course, towards the high, narrow arched bridge, through which the falling tide was rushing and swirling with a roar which had been distinctly audible long before the cause was visible.

It was as they came close to the strange structure which spanned the Thames, giving passage from Middlesex into Surrey, that the officer of the guard, with a fiendish malignity begotten of the devil, stretched forth his mailed hand and touched the Queen upon the arm.

Roused by this indignity she drew back with a shudder, while, with a chuckle, the officers directed her attention to the gate, upon the roof of which there was still sufficient light left to dimly discern two heads impaled on spikes, fast whitening by the action of the elements.

"Know you whose heads these be?" he asked, with a fiendish, saturnine laugh. "'Tis right you should not pass beneath you arch in ignorance of what is over your head—they are the heads of the foul traitors against the King's majesty—your paramours, Thomas Culpepper and Francis Derham."

The Queen's gaze was riveted as if by enchantment, for the space of nearly a minute upon the ghastly spectacle, to which her attention had been thus brutally directed and then, just as the barge shot beneath the arch, with a faint, wailing cry, she fainted.

Cicely's ready arm supported her or she would have fallen to the bottom of the boat, and on Cicely's bosom she found a soft pillow on which to rest her aching head.

"More evidence — fresh proof," chuckled the unfeeling soldier grimly. "If they were not her lovers why should she make this fuss about two dead men? Methinks 'twill be a hundred marks in my pocket."

But the officer's self congratulations at his own astuteness were cut short, as carried by the tide at a terrific pace, they shot through the narrow archway, beneath which the falling river made a series of whirlpools, through which it required a practised hand to steer, only find the wherry, which had been hovering about them since they reached Southwark, immediately in their course.

The men on board the barge shouted and hallooed, but either the boatman was deaf, or else he, of his own determination, disregarded the warning, and the next moment the barge was upon his frail craft, catching it fairly amidship and cutting it down to the water's edge.

"Help!" cried the voice of the boatman struggling in the water.

"Pull on, men, row for your lives. By the mass, were we to stay to rescue every addle-pated fool, who knows not how to manage the boat he has in charge, we might e'en pass the rest of our days upon the river."

Luckily for the unfortunate waterman the rowers were not of the same mind as their commander, and as the drowning man clutched at one of the oars they all hung on, while one of their party lent a helping hand to assist the dripping and almost insensible fellow into the barge, while the fragments of his wherry were swept away by the eddying tide.

"Creep forward, and lie down," whispered one of the oarsmen, "and by thy soul, breathe not a word an thou wouldst not be thrown back again, like an undersized fish."

The boatman needed no second bidding, but stole noiselessly into the bow where he laid himself down, pulling a cloak which he found there over his dripping limbs.

Muttering and grumbling to himself, at the needless delay of a minute, to save a fellow creature's life, the officer gave peremptory orders to the rowers to proceed with all speed, and once more the barge sped upon its way. Nither Cicely nor Katherine were conscious of the cause of the momentary stoppage, the one being still insensible, the other busily engaged in attending to her friend and companion in misery.

It was dark when the barge reached the Tower, and in answer to a hail from the officer, torches flickered and gleamed upon the river battlements, and presently the wooden gates, spiked with iron, which shut the passage beneath a low forbidding archway of solid masonry, slow

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs

TOLEDO, O. THURSDAY, OCT. 28.

SAME OLD LIE.

An English University Story.

Wheehead Review.

Four or five of us were enjoying our last pipe for the night in the smoking-room at the Craigtalloch. We had had a long day's tramp over the moors, and the conversation lay chiefly between Jack Winstanley and Charley Vane. These two had been at Oxbridge about the same time and discovered that, though they had never met there, they had a lot of friends in common. Of course they began telling each other who had gone into the Church, who into the Civil Service, who was dragging out life at an up-country station in India, who had got shot in South Africa and who had made a fortune in colored yarns.

"Did you know Merton?" asked Winstanley.

"I think I've met him. Wasn't he a St. Bridget's man?"

"Yes, a tall, pale fellow, if you remember, with a straw-colored hat and a delicate gossamer beard that he never would shave off."

"Rather good family, eh?"

"Parsony. He was a very decent fellow, if he was a little strait-laced. A parson now, of course. Did you ever hear of a visit he once got from 'a fine old E gentleman, all of the olden time?'

"No. Tell us the story."

"Well, Merton was really a good fellow, but he had been brought up at home—couched at the family rectory; you understand? He never got into scrapes like the rest of us, and in fact was the most irreproachable son you ever saw. One term, Skittank's eldest sister, a mature lady of some 30 summers, came down to stay with some friends near Oxbridge, and the day after her arrival, wishing to give dear William a surprise, she ran over to see him early in the afternoon. Of course he got a cup of coffee for her, and they were having a pleasant chat in his sitting-room, when the scout comes in with a card, Mr. Edward Mandeley.'

"'The gentleman sends his compliments, sir, and hopes it would be convenient for you to see his rooms. He had those rooms, he says, sir, when he was up here 50 years ago, and he has a great fancy to see them again.'

"'Very natural, very natural, I'm sure. I shall be delighted, Thomas. But wait a moment. Agatha—'

"'Will it look odd for me to be here, dear?'

"'Oh, no; but, you see, if the old gentleman sees you here he'll be tempted to sit down and talk, and we shall lose all the morning. Here's the scout's closet. Run in, and I'll bring you a chair. I'll get rid of him as soon as I can.'

"The fact is that Merton was so awfully afraid of being cowed that he wouldn't have had it come to our ears on any account that a stranger had found him entertaining a lady in his rooms. Agatha was rather shy, and very glad to take refuge in the scout's closet.

"Presently in comes Squire Mandeley. A fine, hale old fellow, something over 70, a little shaky on his pins, red face, white mutton-chop whiskers, white hat, black tie—you know the style?

"'Happy to make your acquaintance, I hope I'm not in your way. The scout told you, perhaps, that I used to have these rooms—why, a good 53 years ago—before your father was born, I dare say! Dear me! How time flies! It all looks like yesterday—like yesterday! The same old view into the master's garden. Yes, the same old view. The same old pictures, too! And the old boy got up and topped the frames; and I declare! the same old sofa. Dear me!'

"Next, he walked round the room, stopping at the fireplace. 'Same old mantelpiece!' Then he got to the door of the scout's room, and turned the handle.

"'Same old ——.' He had just opened the door, when he caught the flutter of a petticoat, and suddenly closed it.

"'Ah!' said he, shaking his head, 'same old games! same old games!'

"'Sir!' gasps Merton in an awful funk; 'sir! that's my sister! She—that is——'

"'Well, I declare! Same old lie! Same old lie!'"

RUSSIAN JEWS.

Arrival of a Band in Paris.

Paris Correspondence New York Tribune.

A band of Hebrew emigrants from Russia have arrived in Paris. They traveled from Brody, on the Danube, to the Rhine on "shank's mare," and were such a fearful looking horde on their arrival that the Jewish Relief Committee, who invited them to Paris, have instructed their brethren on the Lower Danube not to send them any more. From Strasburg the rest of the journey was made in third-class carriages. Lodgings, a reflection, plus a franc a day each until situations are obtained, were provided for the emigrants by their brethren here. They are housed at Montmartre in the new streets which have just been created there by the Compagnie Immobiliere. As the ground floors and shops alone are finished, the emigrants are allowed to occupy them. The indigenous population appear to have a presentiment that the new-comers are their future enemies, which I am afraid they will prove to be; they regard them with a semi-hostile and semi-compassionate feeling, and with much curiosity. The women and children are dressed in glaring colors, and the former are addicted to wearing jewelry. They wear so many gold trinkets that I refuse to believe in their poverty. A more filthy human drove it is not possible to conceive. But there is among them so Rule misery of course that they must have had a good time generally in Russia. The outer squalor is horrible, though not even skin-deep. The men are so powerfully built, the children so lively, active and full of vitality, and the young women so handsome, that I doubt not but they have thriven at the expense of the people who have bitterly risen against them. Already the children although ignorant of French, run about selling trifling articles. They are too fearfully sharp to be interesting. One sees in each child the germs of a Bourse-rigger or a usurer. Cent per cent is stamped on their young faces. Heaven preserve the Gentiles hereafter from their claws. I cannot help wishing they had remained in Russia—or emigrated to the Holy Land.

Fin Power of the Trout.

A. N. C., in American Angler.

Have any of your readers ever seen a trout swim up a perpendicular fall of water? Some time ago the President of one of our National Banks, and a lumberman of large experience in the North Woods, told me that on one occasion he saw trout surmounting a waterfall down which the water came vertically in one broad sheet. He said the trout would swim directly up in the sheet of water unless their fins, owing to the small volume of water, would extend beyond it, when they would fall back and try again. This was new to me, and I would like to hear what others have to say on the subject. My informant was convinced that the force and direct downfall of water would not impede the passage of a trout, provided the sheet of water was thick enough for the fish to see his fins.

A Bear That Came to Be Caught.

Last Friday two teamsters, coming to Hailey from Vienna, camped near the timber above Bounder, one going out for game while the other remained to make bread. As he got out the sack of salt a cinnamon bear approached, and the teamster, knowing about catching birds with salt, held a handful out, which the bear immediately licked clean—then asked for more. The third handful was being appreciated when the other man returned, and immediately took the trace-chains and some rope and bound the bear tightly. His bearship stood the tying with good humor, and was placed in the wagon and brought to Hailey last Saturday.

—Look sharp when your skin breaks out in pimples, and use Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50c.

MR. VANDERBILT'S STABLE.

How His Famous Horses Are Cared For—A Visit to Their Luxurious Home on Murray Hill.

New York Tribune.

As the dwellings of modern Americans of wealth have developed into palaces, so the stables of rich owners of horses have become buildings fitted up in a manner that surpasses in costliness and elegance the houses of a large majority of the population. Pressed brick, brownstone and marble, costly woods, and plate-glass combine to make the millionaire's stable a place of luxury and even splendor. "Maud S" and the other trotting wonders in which William H. Vanderbilt takes pride are housed in a manner fitting the pets of the richest man in America.

A *Tribune* reporter visited Mr. Vanderbilt's stable at Fifty-second street and Madison avenue recently, and was shown through the building. Entering from the office, the visitor found himself in a spacious room. It was just after dark, and numerous gas jets were burning around the walls, the light streaming through porcelain globes, each ornamented with a broad band, in the center of which was a horse's head. Walls, floor, and ceiling were all polished wood, cherry, ash, and black walnut being arranged in strips and panels in a way that brought out the beauties of each to the best advantage. In one place a long mirror reflected the line of somber and stately coaches opposite, and in another a case of nickel-plated bits on a background of black velvet hung glittering on the wall. A set of Fox's English hunting scenes and all portraits of Maud S. and Fullerton in heavy gilt frames, relieved the bareness of the ash walls. In the corner, on a platform of cement, a stableman was washing a light wagon which had been whirled over the road that afternoon behind Aldine and Early Rise. The stable implements which lay around him flashed in the gaslight with their heavy mountains of polished brass, and the pail in which he dipped his sponge was decorated with a big brass monogram. There was no scent of the stable in the air. The noises of the horses inside the stalls a few feet away could scarcely be heard through the thick walls and the heavy doors of black walnut and plate glass. Only the man at work on the wagon in the corner, and the line of coaches against the wall gave the large, well-proportioned and really elegant apartment any appearance of connection with a stable. There is no loud noise, no confusion and no dirt in this large hall at any time. Even when some famous trotter comes into the stable, fresh from some exploit on the road, or the stout coach horses come in, champing their bits and rattling their harnesses heavy with silver, the wheels of the light wagon or heavy coach roll on a broad strip of carpet stretched diagonally across the floor, and there is no din or tumult.

Looking into the harness-room large cases, with fronts of plate glass, extending on all sides were seen. The walls of the room above the cases were of plate glass, and the light from the court-yard streamed through in a flood upon the shining black and gleaming silver of the harnesses. Here were all sorts of harnesses, from the plain affair, whose only ornament was the monogram of Mr. Vanderbilt, to those in which the leather was almost hidden by a profusion of heavy silver decorations. At the command of Mr. Phelps, the superintendent of the stable, two grooms rolled back two immense sliding doors, and a dimly lighted apartment roofed by a dome of glass was entered. Up and down the center, on the hard cement floor, were arranged a row of light vehicles; and around them extended a tan-bark track. This is called the "walking track," and here the horses are exercised. The red pressed brick walls of this place were hung with pictures of hunting scenes and celebrated horses which, with their bits of color showing in the semi-obscurity, produced a pleasant and striking effect.

The most interesting part of the stable, however, was that devoted to the horses. Here the light from the numerous gas-jets showed long lines of box stalls of light and polished wood, trimmed with black walnut. Beyond was a line of open stalls, where stood the powerful black carriage horses. Even here there was no unpleasant odor, nothing but the smell of the clean straw with which the horses had been bedded down for the night. Up and down the passageway between the stalls moved about sturdy grooms carrying feed for the animals and giving the last finishing touch to the bedding. The shadows cast by the stalls, the deep panels of the roof, and the dark forms of the coach horses produced a striking combination of light and shade. The picture was relieved and supplied with color by the bright blue checked shirts of the grooms and the matting of plaited straw and red tape behind the stalls of the coach-horses, and the effect was still further heightened by the glitter of polished brass, which adorned all the stable utensils and shone in the gaslight. Opening the door of a large box stall at the end of the room, the reporter entered it. The stall was lighted only by the light that came over the top and was in a state of half-darkness. In one corner, up to the fetlocks in straw, stood "Maud S" quietly eating her well-earned oats. "Maud" did not quite like the idea of being disturbed at her supper, but, like a well bred creature of gentle blood, gave very little indication of her annoyance. The blanket covering her was removed, and her fine-limbed symmetry was brought out to the fullest advantage by the background of light wood and straw. She submitted to being patted and caressed with the utmost unconcern when she saw that the intruder was Mr Phelps, and paid strict attention to her supper.

Looking into the other stalls the other racers were seen quietly crunching away on their suppers in the twilight. "Day Dick" looked up inquiringly as Mr. Phelps and the reporter entered the stall. After regarding his visitors intently for a moment he gave a contemptuous sniff and returned to his feed. When "Aldine's" stall was reached her blanket was removed and her good points commented upon. "Aldine" submitted gracefully—in fact, seemed rather to like it and to be proud of the praise that was lavished upon her. Near the door leading into the court-yard was what appeared to be a box-stall, but which upon the door being opened was seen to be a bed-room. Here every night sleeps one of the hostlers, in order to be on hand if anything goes wrong with the horses. In the partition dividing the room from the main apartment burned a bright light encased in glass. It was half in the sleeping-room and half outside, the light flittering into the sleeping room through a green baize curtain drawn over the glass on that side. At night when all the other lights are turned out, this one is kept burning.

Mr. Vanderbilt's stable was begun in 1879 and finished in October of the following year. It cost $60 000 without the land, which is said to be worth at least as much more. The materials of which it is constructed are pressed brick and brown stone. It has a frontage of 75 feet in Fifty-second and 100 feet in Madison avenue. All the rooms are spacious and the appointments of the finest. The box stall occupied by Maud S. is 20x24 feet, and the others, though not so large, are still of good size.

There are at present in Mr. Vanderbilt's stable Maud S., Aldine, Early Rose, Leander, Lyssander, Bay Dick, Small Hope, Charles Dickens, and four coach horses. There are six large coaches, eight light wagons, and two sulkies. Six men are employed as grooms and hostlers.

Sanitary Item.

Texas Siftings.

"When is yer gwine ter Fredericksburg?" asked an Austin darkey who had learned to read, of one who had not acquired the accomplishment.

"I am gwine ter-morrow mornin' in de early stage."

"Don't yer go in de early stage, Julius. I tells yer don't yer risk it."

"Why not, Pompey?"

"Because de early stages am sickly. I read a piece yesterday, warnin' folks about consumption in the early stages.

For the Blade.

IF WE KNEW.

BY ESEN E. REXFORD.

If we knew the pain and sorrow
That the coming days may bring,
Would we toil on bravely, derring,
Would we ever care to sing?
Ah, I think the voice would falter,
And the eye grow often dim,
And the music hold the cadence
Of a sad, complaining hymn.
If we knew! Ah, God who loves us
Hides the future from our sight.
Trust it all to Him, my darling,
In His hands 'twill all come right.

Yes, thank God, the clouds are hidden
That the days to come may bring.
In the sunshine of to-day, dear,
Let us journey on and sing.
Let us pluck the flowers growing
In the grass at our feet,
And forget the briars, darling,
'Til their thorns we chance to meet.
If we knew! Ah, God who loves us
Hides the future from our sight;
Trust it all to Him, my darling,
In His hands 'twill all come right.

Let us face the way before us
With a faith that's brave and strong,
And go journeying onward, darling,
With a hopeful, helpful song.
Many a strain may lose its gladness
In the minor notes of pain,
But remember, after shadows
Will the sunshine come again.
If we knew! Ah, God who loves us
Hides the future from our sight.
Trust it all to Him, my darling,
In His hands 'twill all come right.

Shiveton, Wis.

A MEAN TRICK.

The Way the Boys Played it on a Hardened Veteran.

Puck's Sun.

Many persons think that these old soldiers who meet at reunions have become dignified and forgotten how to have any fun when they get together. That is the greatest mistake that was ever made. We suppose there was more fun to the square man during the reunion here than was ever enjoyed before since the world began. Among the Chicago boys, as a guest, was Theo. R. Davis the artist of *Harper's Weekly*, who was all through the war, and whose pencil has caused many a battlefield to be impressed upon the minds of hundreds of thousands of people who were not there. There was one of the Chicago men who sometimes took in a little too much wet stuff, and who was a little excitable when full, though a royal good fellow. The visiting, the music, the marching, the cheering and the excitement of the reunion, with a little dust of liquor, had make him feel quite excited, and he wanted to fight his battles over again, but the boys kept him quiet, and finally got him to bed, and soon he slept like a log. The boys were in the room telling stories, when some one called attention to the sleeping comrade, and in a second an idea occurred to Davis, the artist. He said he would go to his room and get his water-color paint, and brushes, and some court-plaster, and paint the face of the sleeping comrade so he would look as though he had been in a fight, and been knocked all to pieces. The boys said it would be a good idea, and pretty soon the artist was at work with his soft camel's hair brushes, and the boys stood over the artist and his human canvas, holding their sides to keep from roaring. The artist first painted two black eyes that you would swear had been made by a man's fist. Then he painted a swelling on one cheek, and on the forehead he painted what looked as though a sledge hammer had mashed in the skull and left the brain oozing out. Then the artist took some strips of court plaster and stuck one across the painted broken nose, another across the mouth, sealing both lips, and the boys stood back to look at the stricken man, and wait for the court plaster to dry. The scene was so real that one of the boys actually turned pale while looking at the sleeper. The boys held a consultation and agreed that when their friend awoke they should look heart-broken and make him believe he had been mauled out of all human shape, and they got a strange veteran from Oshkosh to personate a doctor. After a little the sleeper began to wake up, and one of his friends took a seat by his bedside, took hold of his pulse and as he opened his eyes the friend said:

"Now, don't exert yourself, and don't try to talk. The doctor says you will be all right if you remain quiet."

The victim of the joke opened his eyes and was going to ask what in Gehenna was the matter, and what made them stand around like a lot of pall-bearers when he found his mouth held together by court plaster, and his voice sounded like a man with a hair lip asking somebody to go to the devil. At this point Lu Drury, one of the jokers, was having trouble so keep from laughing, so he put a handkerchief to his face, sobbed, and said, 'My God, boys, this is horrible." The victim looked at Lu, and would have sworn his great heart was overcharged with grief, and he tried to talk, but the court plaster would not permit him. At this point the Oshkosh villain, who acted as army surgeon, went to the bedside of the wounded man, relieved the other watcher, felt of his pulse and said:

"Don't be discouraged, my boy, we will pull you through, if you do not get excited. I have cured worse cases."

Then he took a pair of scissors and cut the court plaster that held the lips together and said:

"There how do you feel now? Don't talk much, but don't you feel relieved?"

The victim looked at the doctor, and at the boys who were picturesquely standing around his bed, and said:

"Doc, for God's sake, what has happened to me?"

The doctor told him to be quiet, and then whispered to him.

"You have had the worst fight that a man ever had and lived. A man attacked you on Wells street, with a view of robbing you, and you defended yourself, but it was a hard struggle. Mr. Drury, please hand me that hand-glass. There, you can see for yourself. There is a contusion of the brain the eyes are discolored, and I thought your jaw was broken, but as you can talk I guess it is only fractured. But you ought to see the man that jumped on you. There, now, don't look at yourself too much. You will look better to-morrow."

The victim took a long look at himself, and the first thing he said was:

"Is the other fellow alive?"

It was all the boys could do to keep from bursting, but they kept sober faces, and the doctor said the other fellow was alive, but he was the worst used up man he ever sewed up. He said one arm was broken and one eye gouged out, and his face looked as if a pile driver had struck him. The victim smiled a satisfied smile as he heard how he had whipped the other fellow. Then the boys asked him if he had any message to send home. He took the mirror and looked at himself again, and then said: "Telegraph for my wife." That was too much, and the boys roared, and the doctor tore off the court plaster from his nose, another fellow brought a wet towel and the paint was washed off and when he was clean the boys handed him the mirror, and he looked at himself again, and then he saw it was a joke, and he wanted to kill some of them, but just then a colored boy brought up a couple of bottles of wine, and the injured man got up, and the war was over. But for a couple of days if anybody said, "Is the other fellow alive?" or "Telegraph for my wife," in his presence, his hand instantly sought his pistol pocket. The artist, Mr. Davis, the one the most to blame, had to look out for himself the rest of the time during the reunion, or he would have been challenged.

Cannot Be Done.

Old English Song.

Yo pigge he is a pretty fowl,
And woundrous good to eat;
Hys ham is good, ivi-rowine his jowl,
And eke his little pe-te.
But, if you try a thousand yeare,
I trow you still will fayle
To make a silk purse of his care,
Or a wimsel of his tayle.

PURE ENGLISH.

The Troubles that Might Beset an Inquiring Traveler.

Knowledge.

We do not know Mr. G. Washington Moon, the self appointed guardian of the English language, personally, but we should imagine he must be a troublesome person to converse with. If not, his works belie him. We picture him speaking—in the ordinary converse of life—somewhat as in the following imaginary scene:—

Traveler (meeting Mr. Moon).—Can you tell me, sir, where this road goes?

Mr. Moon (*aside*).—He should have said, "If you can, *will* you tell me?" (*Aloud.*) Sir the road does not go any where, it remains always here.

Traveler—Pardon me, I should have said "Where does this road lead?"

Mr. Moon—To lead, sir, is to go before—to guide (*vide* Webster, Worcester, and Walker, especially Walker). The road cannot go before you.

Traveler—I perceive, sir, you are precise. I want to know where I shall arrive if I follow this road?

Mr. Moon—You cannot follow that which is at rest, for the word *follow*—

Traveler—Excuse me, my time is limited. Where shall I arrive if I travel on this road?

Mr. Moon—Your query is wanting in precision. Where you arrive will depend principally on the duration of your progression.

Traveler (*after a pause*) Supposing I should walk upon this road at a rate of, say, four miles per hour, during let us suppose, two hours, what are the various places through or near which my walk will bring me?

Mr. Moon.—This is very painful. There are no less than seven mistakes of the most glaring kind in the sentence you have just spoken. Your use of the word "supposing" is quite inaccurate. Who are supposing? Then, having already used the word once, you should not have used it again in the same sentence. Again, what does "say" mean? Also why use the Latin word *per*, when "in an" would have served your purpose? You speak of *various* places. But the word various, so used, is quite unmeaning. If it were not redundant it would be incorrect, for the word various implies that the objects to which it is applied vary from each other. Now, the places through which you have to pass may, for aught you know, be precisely alike. Further, you should not have said "my walk," but "my walking." The word "bring," also, is inappropriate. I will go home and write an essay on each of the questions which I have raised respecting your incorrect language; and——

Traveler.—In the meantime, will you kindly tell me what I want to know?

Mr. Moon (*aside*)—He does not mean "in the meantime," but *before that.* (*Aloud.*) No sir; that is what *you* should tell *me.* Not to speak of telling you, how can I ever *learn* what you want to know, when you fail to express yourself in terms at once clear and accurate. Permit me to quote for your edification a passage from the preface to my treatise on the "Reviser's English." "The mind which allows itself compliancently to delight"——

Traveler.—How about tautology? [*He goes upon his way.*

Mr. Moon—(*Aside*) A most inexact expression!). Understand, sir, that in what I write no one has ever yet detected imperfections—complacently to delight," I say (*raising his voice*) "in anything below the highest standard of excellence, is thereby dwarfing its faculties; for (*louder*) we become assimilated to that which we worship, and (*shouting*) we are ennobled or debased by the influence of that upon which our minds dwell with satisfaction." He is beyond hearing; I will write a series of letters for *Public Opinion*, and point out his multitudinous errors. I *will* be heard; he shall (Saxon, *scealan*) listen to me.

TEA AND COFFEE.

Natural Allies, and Also Natural Enemies.

London Times.

Tea and coffee are natural allies, but they are also natural rivals. As against alcoholic drinking in any form they are combined. It is over the unoccupied territory, alcohol has been driven away, that the contention between the two comes. Taking the world through, the general verdict seems to be in favor of tea. Two of the largest empires in the world—China and Russia—are tea-drinkers. In Bokhara and Samarkand, and in most parts of Central Asia, the tea-urn is forever steaming. On the other hand the Arab and the Turk, and with them the whole western part of the Mohammedan world, are coffee-drinkers. The decision of Europe is not absolute for either side. It seems to be very much determined by what we may call the accidents of the case. The nations which can get good coffee drink coffee. Those which can get good tea drink tea. Those which can get both drink both. England claims to be one of these, but the preference of England is beyond all doubt for tea and not for coffee. The unfair choice is very largely compensated for in the United States—the chief coffee consuming country in the world. Englishmen, too, would probably make more use of coffee than they do if they could be induced to overcome the initial difficulties of having it prepared as it ought to be. Tea can be made easily enough. It may be strong or weak according to fancy. It is tea in either case. The right plan, we are assured, is to put plenty of tea into the pot, then to add a little more tea; and, this done, to leave it to chance whether the liquid comes out strong or weak. But whatever we may think of weak tea, there is no good word to be said of weak coffee. Coffee must be very strong if it is to deserve the name of coffee at all. It is a generous drink, and it is for generous natures. The little arts which the frugal housekeepers uses in making tea are not to be thought of in making coffee. There must be no economy in the amount used, no filling up of the pot; no making the same material serve twice over. That tea should ever be made like this is bad enough, but there may be tastes so depraved as to put up with it and to see nothing to object to about it. The man has yet to be found who can even make pretense of liking weak coffee, diluted into 10 times its proper volume and as deficient in fragrance as in strength.

Who Is Maria?

"Who is Maria?" was the question that startled Mr Brown (who talks in his sleep as he waked the other morning and found Mrs. Brown sitting up in bed with an interrogation point in one eye and an exclamation point in the other.

"Maria? Maria who?

"That's just what I want to know; you repeated the name over and over again last night.

"Let me see—oh, yes; that's Parker's dog—a splendid animal. I've been trying to buy her."

"You ought to own her, certainly; you are so excessively fond of her. You asked Parker's dog to put her arms around your neck and kiss you. You even went so far as to tell Parker's dog that you loved her with all your heart and that when you came to die if you could only lay your head on Parker's dog's bosom you could breath your life out sweetly there. Then you asked Parker's dog to have another dish of ice cream, and if the watch you had given her kept good time. During the night you kissed Parker's dog a dozen times, called her all the pet names known, and proved to me conclusively that you ought to live with Parker's dog and not with me."

Mrs. Brown has gone to her mother.

Hydrophobia Six Years After the Bite.

Halifax Chronicle.

The Rev. J. C. Meek, pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of Upper Stewiacke East, died on Friday night after 12 hours terrible suffering. On Friday he was suddenly seized with violent convulsions, which resulted in death as stated. At times the paroxysms were so violent that it required six men to hold him in bed. He was bitten by a mad dog some six years ago, and hence his death is attributed to hydrophobia.

THE COMET.

The Worthlessness of the Alleged Evidence in Regard to It.

W. L. Alden, in New York Times.

A large number of letters have been written to the *Times* by persons who insist that they have seen the alleged comet, which is to be visible a little before sunrise, and that the *Times* was mistaken in denying the existence of the comet.

It is astonishing that people should be so weak as to imagine that they can create evidence worthy of any attention by this sort of letter writing. Of what possible value as evidence as to anything is a letter signed "Observer" or "Henry R Smith," or any other name, so long as the writer is unknown. Nothing could be easier than for any person who is interested in keeping alive the comet hoax to write dozens of letters purporting to be the work of persons who have seen the pretended comet. There is not a court of justice this side of Egypt that would permit such letters to be offered in evidence, and there is not an intelligent man whose judgment would be influenced one particle by them. Were the writers acting in good faith they would, of course, have put their assertions as to the alleged comet in the shape of affidavits, but it is hardly necessary to say that in no case has this been done.

There is precisely one letter among the many written to the *Times* on this subject which bears the appearance of having been written in good faith. It purports to come from a lady whose husband made her get up one night last week, at frequent intervals from 1 o'clock A. M., until 6, in order to see the comet. She asserted that she finally did see it, after which, it may be presumed, she was permitted to go to sleep. Granting that this letter is written in good faith, it still is very far from being entitled to be regarded as evidence of the existence of a comet. The lady omits to say that she saw the comet separate and apart from her husband, and without constraint on his part. She even admits that her husband forced her to look at the comet. In these circumstances, what is more probable than that the wearied woman, longing for her pillow and in terror lest her husband should compel her to watch for the comet for many nights to come, consented to accept a distant street lamp for a comet, and actually convinced her that it was such. The imagination is very strong in woman when exercised in connection with astronomy, as is shown by the familiar story of the Western Girl and the Shooting stars, related in "Loomis's Astronomy," page 437. The Western girl in question, who was sitting on the back piazza and had made an agreement with her lover by which he was entitled to one kiss for every shooting star that he might see, mistook the torches of a politica procession that took three hours to pass any given point for shooting stars, and in sisted that they should be obeyed and respected accordingly. When women can make mistakes like this, we may well hesitate before receiving their testimony in any circumstances as to any astronomical phenomenon.

The evidence that there is no comet is increasing daily. Within the last few days certain pretended astronomers have asserted that the comet has split into three distinct comets, while other pretended astronomers maintain that it is not even cracked. Were the letters in which these contradictory assertions are made written by real astronomers concerning a real comet, it would be morally certain that all the writers could not be telling the truth. There is just as much reason for believing the persons who say that the comet is broken up as those who say that is not—or, in other words there is no reason for believing any of them. No real astronomers would have the folly and impertinence to differ as to whether a comet, visible to the naked eye, was or was not broken into three pieces. These letters signed with the names of well-known astronomers, must be bold and reckless forgeries and it would be interesting to know if they are the work of Stalwart members of the Republican State Committee or are simply the creations of a silly practical joker.

Furthermore, the journals which innocently, or otherwise, lend themselves to the furtherance of the comet hoax have lately teemed with letters from persons who say that they reside on Long Island, and have seen the comet within the last three days. Now, every honest resident of the island will admit that for four days past Long Island has been covered with a dense fog, lasting from midnight until after 7 o'clock. No one could see a comet through such a fog, no matter how bright or how near the comet might be. Hence it is morally certain that no person residing on Long Island has seen any comet since Friday last, and that the writers of the letters in question are deceivers either of themselves or of other people.

In the face of all these facts it surpasses comprehension how any intelligent man can believe in the comet hoax. Undoubtedly there are a few persons who, on getting out of bed at an unearthly hour, and being either very sleepy or very near-sighted, have mistaken a street lamp, the head-light of a locomotive, or a light in a neighbor's window for a comet and have convinced themselves that they have seen a splendid celestial phenomenon. The testimony of these persons is however, practically worthless, and until a sufficient number of honest and capable men make affidavit before a magistrate that they have seen the comet, no self respecting person will believe in it.

How Elephants Multiply.

Popular Science Monthly.

The elephants are, of all known animals, the slowest to increase in numbers. As the earliest, the female elephant does not become a parent until the age of 30 years, and only six young are capable of being produced during the parental period, which appears to cease at 90 years of age, the average duration of elephant-life being presumed to be about 100 years. But it is most interesting, as well as important, in view of any speculation on the increase of species and on the question of competition among the races of animal life, to reflect that, given favorable conditions of existence, such as a sufficiency of food a freedom from disease, and from the attack of enemies, the elephant race, slow of increase as it is, would come in a few thousand years to stock the entire world with its huge representatives. On the data afforded by the foregoing details of the age at which these animals produce young and of their parental period, it is easy to calculate that in from 740 to 750 years 19 000 000 elephants would remain to represent a natural population. If such a contingency awaits even a slowly increasing race such as the elephants unquestionably are, the powerful nature of the adverse conditions which have ousted their kith and kin from a place among living quadrupeds can readily be conceived.

English Women and Education.

The list recently published of candidates who obtained honors at the last examination of the University of London makes it possible to estimate the progress made by women since the means of higher education in the arts and sciences, as well as languages, were thrown open to them. From this list it appears that no woman took honors in anatomy, materia medica, chemistry, or physiology. Two women took honors in the English language. In Latin, one woman's name heads the second class and two others are in the third. In French and German the women more than hold their own, one being first in the first division, and five others appearing in the third class. A woman also heads the list in German; and women took honors in inorganic chemistry, experimental physics, and botany. The general conclusion suggested by the list is that in science female students can hardly be said to be preeminently successful, while in modern languages other than English they have secured far more than the average proportion of honors due to their numbers.

Too Hungry to Divide.

Detroit Tribune.

"Let us unite and divide," cries the *Free Press.* "The Democratic party is too needy and hungry to divide anything," respond sensible Greenbackers.

ENGAGED TO HIS OWN SISTER.

A West Side Escapade with a Very Pointed Moral.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

This week an adventure with a serious moral came to the knowledge of the *Inter-Ocean.* About three months ago a young man of excellent family, residing on the West Side and employed as an accountant in an insurance office on LaSalle street, concluded he would have some fun with the girls, and inserted the following advertisement in one of the daily papers of this City:

WANTED—A young man with a good income wants to correspond with a young lady between the ages of 18 and 22; object, social pleasure, and matrimony if mutually agreeable after acquaintance; photographs exchanged. Address A 98, ——— office.

He received several replies, and exchanged letters with three or four of the writers for a time, but finally dropped all but one, whose letters were the most intelligent and attractive. With her the correspondence was kept up for about two months, and photographs were exchanged. The young man, not wishing to disclose his own identity without first having made sure of his victim, sent her a photograph of another person, which he procured at a photograph gallery in another part of the City, and it so happened that in sending her picture she deceived him in the same way. The correspondence ripened into an

ENGAGEMENT FOR MARRIAGE

without either person having seen the other, and the young man became anxious to see the features of his unknown friend. What his motives were cannot be judged except by the course he adopted, but it may be said that at least they were neither pure nor honorable, as he has a very wide circle of lady acquaintances, and if he was desirous of marriage he could have found among them plenty of girls who would have readily reciprocated his affections, as he is attractive in appearance, well educated and intelligent, and his parents are very well to do in the world. They live in a handsome house and have all the luxuries that a liberal income can afford. As far as social pleasure was concerned, he found plenty of it in his own circle, and therefore the only theory for his seeking the acquaintance of some unknown girl by concealing his identity is that his object was other than that advertised.

After a great deal of urging on his part and an equal amount of hesitation upon hers, he finally secured the consent of his correspondent to meet face to face, and he fixed for the scene of his meeting a news depot on West Madison street, which is frequented by ladies; arranged with his friend to visit him there at an early hour in the evening, and promised to escort her to the theater, suggesting that after the play was over they might have a supper and a good time. He appeared at the place of meeting promptly, and after waiting there a few moments was very much astonished to

SEE HIS OWN SISTER,

a girl of 19 years, walk in, bearing the mark of identity which it was arranged that his correspondent should carry. The surprise and chagrin was mutual, and it is to be hoped that young men with evil intentions and reckless girls will hereafter carefully avoid such adventures. It appears that the girl having seen this advertisement, "for the fun of the thing" answered, and was soon so much interested in the letters of her correspondent that she was willing to keep it up even at the sacrifice of her self respect. It was a narrow escape for both of them.

Henry Bergh's New Hobby.

"Mr. Bergh is probably the most coleful-looking man to be found in New York," writes a correspondent of the Hartford *Times.* "He has lately taken a new line of activity. Melancholy as he is to look at, the old humanitarian has a great liking for the theater. He smiles, it is fair to suppose that he finds some enjoyment in it. Just now Mr. Bergh is paying special attention to the matter of safety in theaters. He has constituted himself a general inspector of aisles, exits etc, and when he discovers anything in the arrangement of these that does not meet his approval, he writes an autocratic letter to the Department of Buildings about it and insists that the matter shall be attended to. There is no doubt at all that some of the New York theaters are mere tinder boxes and death traps. He seems to have taken hold as though he meant it, and he says it is not his habit to let up until what he has set out to do is done. The Department of Buildings looks upon him as an officious interloper, but he does'nt mind that. He is pretty well used to such things, and they don't stifle him at all. The theater managers don't like to have him nosing around on their premises, but he doesn't mind that either. He seems to think that he has found a new mission and he means to follow it up."

Electricity in War.

A prominent New York electrician, in speaking of the use that could be made of electricity as a defensive measure in time of war, says: 'Suppose I had in a steam fire engine, with a hose that would throw a stream of water a quarter of an inch in diameter 300 feet. Now, if I had one end of a Brush machine grounded and the other end connected with the water passing through the hose, the very instant the stream of water advancing to attack the fort it would kill them. The stream would then be really a flexible electric wire, and, as it sweeps along the line of men, it would mow them down like grass. If a thousand men were to march up in a solid body, they could all be killed in 10 seconds. It would be absolutely impossible to take the fort. It could be used with equally terrible effect in naval warfare.

A Good, Fat Duck.

Wilmington Morning News.

A gentleman to whose word full faith and credit is due, writes to the *Morning News* as follows: Some time ago we had slaughtered for family use a pair of ducks that had been cooped up for some time. In the craw of one of them we found four large pieces of fence rail from one to two inches in length, one whole seven penny nail two and one-fourth inches long, one wooden screw and small nails and pieces of wood, the whole of which, pieced end to end measured 19 inches. This duck was seemingly in perfect health, and was as fat as its companion. I should hesitate to tell this story among strangers, but I have three or four living witnesses to its truth.

Treatment of Frozen Persons.

Medical men have always differed as to whether the best medical treatment of frozen persons was by a gradual or a rapid application of heat. "To settle the matter," says *Knowledge*, "Lapichinski has made a series of very careful experiments upon dogs, with the following results: Of 20 animals treated by the method of gradual resuscitation in a cold room, 14 perished; of 20 placed at once in a warm apartment, eight died; while of 20 immediately put into a hot bath, all recovered." These experiments will probably influence the practice of medical men in Russia and Northern Europe, where the question of the best means of restoring animation in persons suffering from excessive cold is of frequent occurrence every Winter.

The Value of Snails as Food.

Hotel Mail.

In the French journals a discussion has again cropped up as to the value of snails as food. It appears that the snail (*Helix pomatia*) possesses very nourishing qualities, and is worthy of more attention than it has hitherto received. The analysis of the well known chemist Payson shows that the snail contains 70 per cent. water, 16 per cent. nitrogen, 8 per cent. fat, 2 per cent animal salt, and 4 per cent. of other constituent parts. The ancient Romans were well aware of these good qualities, and used the snail as a stimulating remedy for a bad appetite, just as nowdays we use caviare or oysters, and had a particular way of preparing it. From Italy they were transported to France. They are still a favorite in Bohemia, and are deliciously dressed in the best restaurants of Prague.

SPOOPENDYKE.

He Constructs a Garden Fountain.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he planted the nozzle of the street sprinkler and braced it with bricks so it would squirt straight up, "My dear, that makes considerable of a fountain. I wish I had thought of it before."

"Upon my word!" giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Why, you are really an inventor. That's the best fountain I ever saw; but how are you going to take it down?" and Mrs. Spoopendyke contemplated the fountain with considerable misgiving.

"Don't want to take it down!" grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "It comes down itself by the natural law of gravitation. Did you suppose that water intended to squirt up in the air and wait for me to bring it down on a step ladder? Got some kind of a notion that I was going to tie a rope around that water and haul it down, hadn't ye? Well, I'm not, and I ain't going to offer it any chromos to come down, either!" And Mr. Spoopendyke seated himself on the lower step and eyed his fountain with a great deal of satisfaction.

"How long are you going to let it squirt?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, anxious to have the trouble begin, that it might be the sooner over.

"Oh, I guess about 20 feet," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, measuring the hight of the stream with his eye and chuckling to himself. "That's about as long as the pressure will permit, and I thought I'd let it go that far before I hitched it up," and Mr. Spoopendyke shook all over as the full strength of his joke impressed itself upon him.

Mrs. Spoopendyke watched the play of the water in silence.

"P'raps you think I can't

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are numerous classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, unless as an evidence of good faith. All letters addressed by us with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammar. We are willing to give an occasional answer to such, but we have not the type necessary for the purpose. We suppose these, like other questions, are obtained through the influence of Members of Congress. Write your Representative or one of the Illinois Senators.

3. Questions as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general banking business. The Blade's endorsement is too valuable to be used indiscriminately, and it is not the province of a newspaper to devote the time necessary to the investigation of an individual or a firm for the benefit of any part of the country. Such inquiries are not answered, and hereafter we will not do well to expect to receive an answer they will find that the questions remain unanswered for want of room and sufficient postage. We must request that subscribers will keep all questions for the business and editorial departments of the Blade entirely separate and distinct, and confine upon a postal leaves. Questions for publication should never be written on the same sheet with letters containing subscriptions or remittances for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents."

W. B. B., Lockhart, W. Va.: Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

J. H. H., St. John's, O.: Your question was answered a few months ago in full.

M. A. Stands, Strawberry Point, Clayton Co., Iowa, wishes some one to send her the poem "The Fashionable Lady's Prayer."

R. J. Reeds, Neb.:

1. We do not become of the man and the "flying machine," especially the machine?

2. We are committed to Geddes, and the machine will probably used for kindling wood.

C. H. H., West Lima, Mo.:

Please inform me how to make ink to use on rubber stamps.

Use equal parts of black oxide of manganese and bichromate of potash, heat to redness, and mix with an equal quantity of smooth white lead into a paste, water being added for the purpose. Or: Sulphate of manganese, two drachms; bichromate of potash, one drachm; powdered gum arabic, two drachms; rubbed into paste with a little water.

F. F. Washburn, Ill.:

Do you expect pay teachers for the privilege of teaching? Such a teacher have to do to get employed and paid by the Government appropriations having been made for the purpose. We suppose these, like other appointments, are obtained through the influence of Members of Congress. Write your Representative or one of the Illinois Senators.

J. O. G., Gibson, Ill.:

Will you please give a recipe for removing mildew? 2. Also a recipe for giving brass the appearance of silver?

1. The following has been recommended: Dissolve the pure carbolate of zinc, 25 parts in 1,000 parts of rosewater, and 10 parts of scented alcohol; to be applied to the face for half an hour to an hour, then washed off with cold water. Protection against the sun by veiling and other means is recommended, and in addition, for persons of dark complexion, some mild preparation of iron.

2. Answered a few weeks ago.

Jerome, Island Station, Col.:

Please give recipe for a good harness polish.

Take two ounces mutton suet, six ounces beeswax, six ounces powdered sugar candy, two ounces soft soap, and one ounce indigo or logwood. Dissolve the soap in three-quarters of a pint of water, then add the other ingredients; boil all together; add a gill of turpentine. Rub on the harness with a sponge, and polish with a brush. The practice of washing harness with warm water and with soap is very damaging. If a coat of oil is put on immediately after using, the damage is repaired.

J. T. T., Lake Como, Miss.:

What is the size of the Duchy of Brunswick? How is it governed, and what is its population?

Brunswick consists of three larger and six or seven smaller divisions, detached from one another and surrounded by foreign possessions. The whole area is 1,425 English square miles, exclusive of mediatized possessions in other States. The Constitution of Brunswick is a limited monarchy. The Legislature is composed of the Duke and a Representative Assembly. The Legislature must assemble at least once every three years, for which period the members are elected. The public debt is moderate, and the Duke is one of the wealthiest princes of Europe. The people are nearly all Protestants, and commonly speak Low German dialects. The population is about 330,000, the City of Brunswick having about 67,000.

H. E. T., Rutherford City, Ind.:

Please tell us how to mould the face of a person in wax.

You can procure new wax, one-third of a pound of resin, melt them at a slow fire, let them cool till you can endure some of it on your hand without burning; then, having oiled the face with olive oil, and covered the hair of the whiskers and eyebrows with paste, with a brush apply wax over the face about the thickness of a piece of a dollar, being careful not to stop the nose, and that the person does not close his lips firmly enough to wrinkle his face, because the mould will then make the face deformed. Take the wax off gently, and strengthen it with clay on the back, that it may not give way. After this manner you may cast all sorts of faces—laughing, weeping or sorry faces; also fruits or anything else, dividing the mould into two pieces with a warm knife; then fortify them with clay as you did the mould.

S. D. W., Ky.:

Please name in full of each member of the Confederate Cabinet and also tell which was Secretary of War. 2. Tell when and where the Confederate settlements were made in Mexico. Name the city which has the largest number of Confederates in proportion to its size, and give per cent. of increase in population.

1. Jefferson Davis, President; Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, Jefferson Davis, Secretary of the Treasury, George W. Randolph, Secretary of War, James A. Seddon, Secretary of War, Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, John H. Reagan, Secretary of the Navy, William H. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy, Henry Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, Henry M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior, Thomas Ewing, Postmaster General, Timothy O. Howe, Postmaster General, Benjamin F. Jones, Postmaster General, Timothy O. Howe, Postmaster General, Wilson

THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4-5—Nasby in Exile.
" 6-7-8—The Throne and Scaffold.

SECOND PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4-5—Miscellany.
" 6-7-8—Telegraphic News.

THIRD PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4—Answers to Correspondents.
" 4—Delayed Subscriptions.
" 4-5-6—Telegraphic News.
" 6-7-8—Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE.
Columns 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—Reviews of the Week.
" 3-4-5-6—Editorials on Leading Topics
" 8—Current Events.

FIFTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4-5—Correspondence.
" 6—Telegraphic News.
" 7-8—Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4-5—The Household.
" 6-7—Two Young Folks.
" 8—Miscellany.

SEVENTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2—The Farm.
" 3—The Sunday School.
" 4-5-6-7-8—Telegraphic News.

EIGHTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4-5—Telegraphic Condensations.
" 6-7-8—The Markets.

Circulation last Week, 89,000.

NEW TYPE.

FOR some weeks the extensive type foundry of FARMER, LITTLE & Co., of New York has been engaged in manufacturing an entire new dress for the BLADE. This is now finished and on its way to Toledo. It comprises an entire outfit of brevier, minion, nonpareil and, with a full assortment of display type, all with the beautiful faces for which FARMER LITTLE & Co.'s foundry is famous. When substituted for the present old dress they, with the splendid press-work our new press is now commencing to do, will make the BLADE as handsome a paper as can be found anywhere.

MR. LOCKE'S LETTER.

The graphic description by Mr. LOCKE of a day's pleasuring, showing how German families enjoy life, will be read with great pleasure. One can almost see the immense load of men and women, and last, but by no means least, children, rolling along over the smooth road, which, by the way, cannot be improved upon and which Mr. LOCKE most cordially recommends as a model for roads in this country. The description of the mountain climb will also be found very entertaining.

GALLIMAUFRY.

Mr. JOHN MCELROY'S "Gallimaufry" will commence in a few weeks now, and will without doubt be one of the most interesting things ever written by that gentleman.

THE Republicans of North Carolina claim they will gain two members of Congress in that State.

AN orator at a Democratic jollification in New York startled his hearers by saying that "the Germans were to blame for the victory in Ohio."

THE defeat in Ohio has aroused the Republicans elsewhere to the necessity of work. Increased activity is reported in New York and Indiana.

THE Postoffice Department is at last paying more than its expenses. A man can now send letters without becoming a beggar from the Government.

VICTOR HUGO is very fond of children, but his anti-religious feeling is so strong that he will have nothing to do with one after it has received its first communion.

GEN. WOLSELEY has been recalled and goes back to England to receive $250,000 and a Peerage thrown in. Lucky day for him when ARABI made his little venture.

AN SEN. BRUCE must be stirring up the Mississippi Bourbons, when all the answer they can make is to hurl cayenne pepper at his head. This fills their idea of a red hot argument.

EX-GOV. TOM YOUNG says he has no political aspirations in the future, and that although he is growing old he will live to see the day when there will be no such thing as Sunday in this country.

IT is not to be expected that VANDERBILT will pay any attention to the suggestions of the American Health Association, as the members form a part of "that public" he so heartily despises.

THE wheat crop of California for this year is, in round numbers, 50,000,000 bushels. The surplus for export is estimated at 1,134,500 tons. The year has been a very successful one for the farmers.

IT is gratifying intelligence that comes by telegraph that Pres. ARTHUR'S sleeping apartments have received the finishing touches and can be occupied at a minute's notice. No doubt the President is sadly in need of rest.

RUFUS HATCH thinks that the wheat crop will be less than 500 millions, instead of over 600, as some have estimated. Uncle RUFUS is probably somewhat "long" on the staple. This has been known to color men's views of the future.

IT is barely possible that the New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois papers, which have so much to say about Republican management in this State, can find room for advisory talent at home. After they are out of the woods will be a better time to lecture us.

OREGON seems in a fair way to adopt woman suffrage. Both Houses of the Legislature have ratified the proposition to submit the question of such an amendment to the Constitution to the popular vote. The vote in its favor was very large, showing that the feeling of the people who sent their Representatives to the Legislature was extremely favorable. There were but 7 nays in the Senate and 9 in the House of Representatives.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Much more interest is centered in the Indiana election than is usual in an off year. The Democrats are sanguine of carrying the State, and thus adding to the force and volume of the reactionary wave, which they are persuaded is rolling across the country. The Republicans, for the same reason, are making something of an effort to carry the State and check the wave. Sen. HARRISON expresses confidence that they will succeed, and we wish that we had sufficient reason for believing with him. Emboldened by the success of Free Beer in Ohio, the Democrats are bringing that issue squarely to the front, and endeavoring to capture everything that can be caught with the Untrammeled Liquor hook. They point out Iowa and Kansas to the Germans as evidences of what the Republicans do when they are in complete power, and prattle about "sumptuary legislation" and "personal liberty" as idletically as only Democrats can. Really there is no Temperance issue before the people. It is simply whether the next Legislature shall ratify the action of the last one by voting to submit the question to a vote of the people. By the terms of the Constitution, it is required that all amendments to the organic law shall be acted upon by two successive Legislatures, and, if approved by both, then it is to be submitted to a vote of the people.

BY an error in the reapportionment of Tennessee, it is said that the whole Tennessee delegation in the next Congress will be in danger of being thrown out. Three Counties, through error, have been disfranchised. It has been suggested that the Governor of Tennessee call a special session of the Legislature to remedy the defect, as the title of every Congressman elected under the new law might be vitiated.

THE Mormons held the first political meeting they ever held, at Ogden, Utah, Saturday night. GEORGE Q CANNON, being called on, denounced the men who are attempting to despoil the Mormons of their constitutional rights. A vote of confidence in CANNON was unanimously carried with great enthusiasm. Judge VAN ZILE and other Liberal speakers are making a thorough canvass.

The three New England States that have so far chosen members of Congress have elected solid Republican delegations. There is one conceded Democratic district in both Connecticut and Massachusetts. But in the latter State the party is divided, and in the former there is much dissatisfaction. A united effort on the part of the Republicans, it it though, would carry both districts, and then New England would have a solid Republican delegation in the next Congress.

THREE of the Government counsel in the Star Route cases have given the President notice that they were unable to find ex-Senator SPENCER, of Alabama, when they needed his evidence in the Stor Route cases. Mr. SPENCER is, by the President's appointment, one of the Commissioners to represent the Government in matters relating to the Pacific Railroad. He still continues such, although this formal notice was sent months ago.

A good deal of excitement has been caused in Great Britain and especially in Dublin by the report that Mr. PARNELL and some of his colleagues had used a large part of the Land League funds for their own private purposes and the movement to dissolve the organization and form a new one was simply to cover up their rascality. Mr. PARNELL has denied the allegation.

THE new National League Association, lately formed at a Conference in Dublin, has a platform somewhat different from its predecessor, in that the agitation is to be confined within limits strictly constitutional. Great attention is to be paid to the encouragement of manufacturers, to the condition of laborers, and peasant proprietorship at last, but the final aim is to be separation for Ireland from England by legislative action.

THE latest news from Russia shows that the Nihilists have not yet given up their revolutionary agitation. Their last exploit is the building of a circle of incendiary fires in the woods extending around the City of St. Petersburg and in circling Gatchina where the Emperor now is. The capital is enveloped in a thick smoke Great feeling has been lately aroused by the recent amendments to the rules governing the liberties of the press.

THE Prussian elections which have been regarded with great interest are now over. In all the great Towns where Catholics do not predominate, the elections have resulted in favor of the Liberals. The Liberals gain 30 votes in the Diet from the Conservatives. In several new districts in the vicinity of Berlin and Potsdam the Conservatives have been victorious. No one party will have a majority in the new Chamber. In order to obtain a majority it would be necessary for the Government to enter into an alliance with the Clericals and Conservatives.

IT is not well to be too critical as to the readiness of COCKERILL to fire. SLAYBACK belonged to that class of Southern swashbucklers who think it perfectly legitimate to "get the drop" on their victims. He found the journalist a "leetle too spry with his weepins" to be caught that way. That was all.

JUDGE LAWRENCE explained to an interviewer that the reason the Republicans in this State were defeated was because "the newspapers found too much fault." Who was to blame because there was so much fault to find?

A MONTANA paper has discovered a gorge in the Yellowstone where, it asserts, the atmosphere is a non-conductor of sound. "No matter how loud one shouts, he can't be heard." The Chicago *Journal* wants the howling Ohio Democrats sent thither.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

We have mailed over 2,000 copies of this remarkable cheap book to readers of the BLADE during the past few months, and we doubt if we have enough copies left to carry us through the coming holiday demand. An elegant large $8.00 book is not often mailed postpaid for $1.25, and our new subscribers should take advantage of the present opportunity, and secure a copy before they are gone. See description of the book on 6th page of the present issue.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

As the BLADE predicted from the first the Republicans lost this State not by reason of the defection of the Germans, or the secession of the Prohibitionists, but because the voters staid at home. We said at the outset that it would be found that 100,000 voters absented themfrom the polls, of whom 4 out of 5 would be Republicans. The returns are now complete, with the exception of Wood County. Counting this as it was cast last year, it is shown that the vote cast this year compares with that of the two previous years as follows:

	1880.	1881.	1882.
Republican	375,048	342,135	297,588
Democrat	340,821	288,436	317,144
Prohibition	2,642	16,527	11,854
Greenback	6,456	2,905	.....
Totals	724,667	650,003	626,640

Thus, with all the rapid increase of population, which has brought 150,000 more people into the State than there were two years ago, the vote is 98,027 ess than in 1880. Of this the falling off in the Republican vote is 77,357, while in the Democratic ranks the diminution is but 23,677. The number of stay-at-homes probably reach 125,000. Therefore if the whole Republican and Democratic votes had been out the Republican majority, it is easy to see, would have been in the neighborhood of 50,000. We could have lost both the German and the Prohibition vote, and still have had a majority of 20,000 and more.

This illustrates what the BLADE has always contended for in regard to the evils of Bossism and the injuriousness of any mismanagement or relaxation from the highest standard of principle in the conduct of the party. The way those who constitute the party must be reached and managed is by appeals to their sense of right, and ideal justice. No machine can ever supplant this. Here in this State, for example, are about 400,000 Republican voters, in some 2,000 Townships and election Precincts. That makes an average of 2,000 voters to each Precinct. The most fatal thing that can happen the Republican party is to have an average of 10 in each Precinct say indifferently:

"Well, I do not believe I will go to the polls to day. I have't much interest in this election."

They are exceedingly liable to say this when there is any suspicion of lowering the party's standard to personal ends, when they are sickened at the timidity of leadership, or perversion of the meaning of previous victory. An average of 10 Republican absentees from each polling place makes a loss in the State of 20,000. On the 10th inst. there seems to have been an average of 60 stay-at-homes in each Precinct.

All the arts and methods of the Machine are worse than useless at such a time. No "organization" or management can bring thousands of men to the polls who do not want to come. No drag net cast into the saloons or upon the street corners will avail to make good their deficiency. The power lies in their own hands, and theirs alone.

HERBERT SPENCER'S CRITICISMS.

Mr. HERBERT SPENCER has been expressing his opinion of the United States to a friend who has embodied it into a paper and given it to the public. He criticises certain things very severely, and especially the political management, which he thinks is entirely different from what was contemplated in the beginning. He does not consider Republican institutions a failure, but much will have to be done, and much changed before they can be counted a great success. The world, he says, has never seen social phenomena at all comparable with those of the United States. No country had ever taken so many nationalities and incorporated them into one great homogeneous mass before. At the same time he thinks we are losing our freedom while retaining its forms.

Mr. SPENCER is a great philosopher and his ideas are always worthy of consideration, but in the present case it is questionable whether he is in any better position to speak wisely than before he came here at all. He is an invalid, troubled with a disease which forbids any excitement. He has avoided any publicity, and has really seen few people or been placed in any position to judge clearly of the workings of our institutions, either socially or politically. Had he, with his clear, logical mind, been through the length and breadth of the country, in a condition physically to take observations, had, he watched a political campaign from beginning to end, been through a session of Congress, visited the schools, traveled over the Great West and seen for himself what he now knows absolutely nothing of except what he has been told, his critical words would have borne great significance to the American people. As it is, no one outside of his most enthusiastic admirers will feel that he is competent to pass intelligent judgment. And yet it is the criticism of just such men that we need. That there are many and growing evils which may appear to foreign sight far more glaring than to ourselves, and concerning, which sharp words are necessary, we are ready to acknowledge. But to have it effective, everybody must feel that the views are taken from standpoints which command the whole prospect, in other words that it is not superficial, onesided or narrow. Let the great philosopher come here well, and look at us with careful observation and broad opportunities, and no matter how caustic his words might be, they would bear with them the weight and influence which they would deserve.

GEN. THOMAS REYNOLDS, of Madison, Wis., has been arrested for forging pension vouchers and appropriating to himself pension money mailed to persons who have been dead for years. He has been a resident of Madison for many years, occupies a high position in social circles, is a warm personal friend of Gens. SHERMAN and SHERIDAN, and is now a man 70 years old. It has given a great shock to the community.

A PRACTICAL evidence is given of the value of the cautionary storm signals used by the Western Bureau in the fact that careful estimates show that at least $13 000,000 worth of property and many valuable lives have been saved this season by the prevention of sailing of laden vessels from port just before the breaking out of a storm.

ANYBODY can sell a good subscription book. The Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., want an agent in every Township to sell "Nasby in Exile." It is the best selling book in the country, and agents are making from $5 00 to $15 00 per day. An outfit costs but $1.00. Secure territory while you can get it. Now is the time to sell books.

THE DEMOCRATIC "PISTOL."

The last scene of "Henry IV." shows that worthy gang, *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, etc., sponging off of the credulous country 'Squire, *Shallow*, in Glostershire, upon whom they impose themselves as persons of quality and great influence at court. The crowd is at the end of their rascally wits. Their rogueries, thefts and swindles have woven a net around them all over the Kingdom, and when the dull country 'Squire at last finds out their true character, they will be face to face with starvation or worse. *Pistol*, the Prince of bombastic cowards, is off on a scout to discover, if possible, some new range for the band.

Suddenly he hears of the death of HENRY IV., which will make their old-time crony and pal, *Prince Hal*, King as HENRY V. Regarding this as the greatest of windfalls, he bolts off at once to acquaint *Sir John* with the news. His entrance into the room, where he finds *Sir John* and *Bardolph*, filling themselves with *Justice Shallow's* rich wines is delicious:

Pistol—Sir John, God save you sir.
Falstaff.—What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Pistol—Not the ill wind which blows no man to good
Sweet Knight, th'art now one of the greatest men
In the realm.
* * * * * * * *
Sir John, I am thy *Pistol* and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times and happy news of price.
Falstaff—I prithee now, deliver them like a man of the world.
Pistol—A foutra for the world, and worldlings base;
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

After more exultant rant and bombast, *Pistol* is at length cooled down until he can tell his news, and then it is *Falstaff's* turn to get excited over his imaginary prospect of having England and all its wealth at his command.

Falstaff.—Away, Bardolph! Saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bardolph—O, joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pistol.—What! I do bring good news.

Falstaff.—Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, My Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night.—O, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph! [Exit BARD.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow; I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto My Lord Chief Justice!

This represents quite accurately the state of mind the Democrats have got into over the Ohio election. They prattle of "Africa and golden joys" continually. There is nothing, from the Presidency down to Gager, that they are not going to have immediately, and each Ward striker weighs in his mind the whole list of offices, in order to select the one which will suit his tastes and pocket best.

THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The Irish National Conference which met Tuesday at Dublin formally adopted a scheme that brought into existence the Irish National League. Of course its object is to continue the agitation for a change of measures in Ireland to result in an amelioration of her woes. Between 700 and 800 persons were present at the Conference, and upon the platform were the leaders of the old Land League, including Messrs. PARNELL and DAVITT, who were most warmly received by the delegates.

A very interesting part of the meeting was the report of Mr. EGAN the Treasurer of the Land League. According to this the sum of £244,820 had passed through his hands. Of this sum, in 1879 and 1880 £50,000 were spent in relieving distress; in the defense of the State trials over £15 000, and £148 000 by the general Land League and Ladies League in the support of evicted tenants, the erecting of huts, law costs, and general expenses. There was now on hand £32,000. A warm vote of thanks was proposed and passed for the way in which Mr. EGAN had discharged his duties.

The question now is as to the course proposed to be taken by the new organization. There seems to be a feeling that but little has as yet been accomplished, because no act of Parliament has been obtained that came up to their views of what should be done. Landlordism has not been abolished, it is true, and the Land act and Arrears bill are not as sweeping in their application as they would like, but when they conclude that all the work and all the money expended hitherto has been for naught, it would seem as if further effort had better be suspended, and that the organization of a National League is useless. Perhaps the leaders have mapped out an entirely new course to be taken, in which case the proceedings will be watched with intense interest this side of the water, where more than a million dollars have already been subscribed for the work of freeing Ireland. Judging from Mr. PARNELL'S program that course would seem to be to secure home rule within the British Empire, and by the consent of the English Ministry, rather than to bitter antagonism with the English Government.

POLITICAL DUEL.

Politics down in the Richmond, Va., District seems to be a rather dangerous thing to meddle with. The two candidates for Congress have managed to get fighting mad at each other and after any amount of personal abuse, WISE, Bourbon, has sent a challenge to SMITH, Coalition. The latter, in making choice of weapons, as he had a right to do, instead of selecting duelling pistols as is ordinarily done, coolly names double-barreled shot guns loaded with buck-shot at 40 paces. This means that there is to be no joking about the matter, or no child's play, but real business. It means that if the duel is fought one or the other or both of the combatants will come to the end of life then and there.

The proposition has raised a great hue and cry among the friends of Mr. WISE, who characterize it as bloodthirsty, cruel, revengeful, etc. Inasmuch as one is as likely to fall as the other, it is difficult to see why so much is said. If Mr. WISE did not contemplate the possibility of being killed why did he send the challenge? It seems that he expected there was a chance of escape if the fighting were done in the orthodox way, since he has not as yet signified his acceptance of Mr. SMITH'S choice, and it is now rumored that mutual friends will settle the affair without a duel. Probably Mr. WISE has concluded that the injury to his honor was not so severe as he had at first imagined. The time will come, even in Virginia, when political rivalry will be carried on without resort to a duel, though that is far better than such a terrible affair as the shooting of Col. SLAYBACK.

GERMAN LIQUOR LAWS.

The Germans are fond of insisting that any interference with the unrestricted sale and drinking of liquor is an unheard-of and devilish assault upon "personal liberty," which could only be conceived by "narrow-minded," "Puritanical," "hypocritical," "Temperenzlers," and "Muckers." It is useless to point out to them that the Americans are the farthest from being "priest ridden" of any people on earth, and that the regulation of liquor-selling is demanded by them, not in satisfaction of any religious dogma, but as a matter of good government. The response to this is an angry yell that is but a flimsy pretense for interfering with the "customs of the Fatherland," and endeavoring to "Yankefy the Germans."

The real truth is that in no civilized land is such absolute liberty given the sale of liquor as in this one. Everywhere else in the world the traffic in intoxicants is made subject to sternly repressive laws, and the most rigid police administration.

Wherever there is such a thing as a pretense of enlightened Government there is a recognition of the fact that alcoholic beverages are one of the most fruitful sources of evil, and that it is the lawmaker's and law-executor's duty to circumscribe those evils as far as possible.

The assertion that it is only in this land of Freedom that "Temperance bigots" and "Cold-water hypocrites" are attempting a "fanatical interference" with the "customs in which Germans have grown up," will not bear an instant's examination. The liquor laws of Germany are more stringent and involve a more arbitrary "assault" on "personal liberty" than anything ever contemplated by any advocate of License, or other legislation that stops short of Prohibition.

Capt. ARTHUR LEE, who was for several years United States Consul at the old Capital of Germany—Frankfort-on-the Main—has furnished Hon. RICHARD SMITH with an abstract of the Prussian Temperance system, which has since been adopted throughout the Empire. After preparing this abstract it was submitted to competent persons in Germany for examination, and returned approved.

The man who desires to embark in the retail sale of liquors in Germany—

First—Must obtain a permit, and in order to get that must show a good character. If the presumption is that the person applying would abuse the privilege by permitting drunkenness, allowing gambling, or tolerating secret vice, permission is refused. Also when the intended place of business is so located and arranged as not to comply with police regulations permission is refused.

Second—For permission to commence a retail trade in liquors or to open beer and wine houses with which the entertaining of travelers is not connected, shall only be granted when the proper official authorities shall be convinced of the necessity and usefulness of such an enterprise. This rule was adopted in Prussia in 1853, and has been continued by the empire.

This is much more stringent than the much-abused Pond Law, which only required that a man pay $300, and said nothing about his moral character, his disposition to make drunkards and harbor thieves, nor as to the number that should be allowed in any place.

Third—Permission to carry on a hotel or a retail business in wine or beer in a place of 15,000 inhabitants shall only be granted when the local police and communal authorities shall give their opinion as to its necessities.

This secures the number within that which the police can conveniently handle.

Fourth—The place where the retail business is located shall not be remote, so that Police supervision shall not be inconvenient. The main entrance shall lead directly to the place of business and not through rooms and chambers, which are not appropriate.

Dives, houses of prostitution, gambling houses, etc., are thoroly held in check by these means.

"Fifth—The business shall not be located in the immediate neighborhood of a school, church or cemetery.

Sixth—A wide distinction is made between malt and distilled liquors.

Seventh—In each Prussian Village which constitutes the exclusive jurisdiction of a Burgomaster at least one place for the sale of spirituous liquors may be allowed; but where two or more Villages are united in the same magisterial jurisdiction they shall be treated as one Village in this respect. When the drinking places in any particular town are, in the judgment of the police, more numerous than necessary, the number may be reduced.

Think of but one place where liquor can be bought in a village of 1,500 inhabitants, and the Mayor or Chief of Police suppressing the surplus! What "Muckers" and "Temperenzlers" they would be if they attempted to reduce the Ohio average of one saloon to every 225 people to the Prussian rate of one for every 1,500.

Eighth—Brewers and distillers can not engage in a retail traffic in their own productions without a license.

Ninth—Burgomasters, Village magistrates, guardians of the forest, turnpike keepers, superintendents of railway stations, auctioneers and their assistants, railway building employes, mine superintendents, proprietors of factories, artisans and master workmen, clerks, and all other persons connected with factories are forbidden to engage in the traffic in alcoholic beverages, and the traffic is forbidden about factories or any place within a mile of the same.

Think of prohibiting saloon-keepers from being office holders of any kind, or even auctioneers. We begin to get a new idea of the reason of the immense German immigration to this country.

The regulation is an admirable one, and should be embodied in the License law which we will enact in a year or two for Ohio.

Tenth—Public dancing announcements are not included in the permits granted to the keepers of coffee and beer or wine houses, hotels or gin houses. Such amusements must be specially licensed. The regulation of public dance amusements is referred to the local police, whose discretion in villages is limited to one permission a month. In the Rhine Provinces public amusements, as dancing, are limited by law in number and duration.

Think of only one public dance a month in each Village! Did any one ever hear of such a "puritanical" act as they must be over there? How we "tyrannically interfere with the customs of the Fatherland" here.

Eleventh—The communes are permitted, with the approval of the State, to tax luxury, ostentation, and public pleasures. In Lubeck, in addition to license tax, special taxes are laid which are not only restrictive, but largely prohibitory. The keepers of such places vigorously resisted the special tax in Court, but without success.

Here is "sumptuary legislation" with a vengeance:

Twelfth—Whoever remains in a schenkstube (wine or beer saloon) or place of public resort beyond the prescribed police hours may be fined five thalers, and the landlord who permits such violation may be fined 25 thalers or imprisoned 14 days. The police requirements demand that such places shall be closed on or before midnight.

This is an "assault on personal liberty" that is an assault. Why has not a man as good a right to his beer between 12 and 1 o'clock as between 11 and 12?

Thirteenth—Whoever violates the ordinance against the disturbance of Sunday, or holidays, or solemn anniversaries, may be fined 50 thalers, or imprisoned 14 days.

As "Sundays, holidays and solemn anniversaries" make about 100 days each year, it would seem that about one day in every four is reduced to the peaceful condition we would have reign here one day in seven.

Fourteenth—Keepers of drinking places who continue to sell spirituous liquors to a person whom the police have designated to them as a drunkard, or who permits such persons to remain in their public rooms, may be fined from two to five thalers, and any retail vender of beer and wine who continues to sell such beverages to any one who betrays traces of drunkenness, may be fined from half a thaler to 10 thalers. Repetition of the offense results in the withdrawal and cancellation of the offender's license.

We would be very glad to accept a rigidly enforced law of this kind in place of the Adair law. It would make the police save the relations of the drunkards worlds of heart-breaking sorrow.

Fifteenth—Keepers of houses where drinks are sold, or billiard saloons or confectionary shops are not allowed to receive upon their premises scholars in the public schools and other educational institutions of the place, unless such scholars shall be accompanied by their parents or guardians. Neither is the sale of food or drink to such scholars at the places named permitted, and the fact that the person violating this act did not know that they were receiving or selling to scholars in the schools may not be pleaded in mitigation of the offense.

It must be remembered all the time that these regulations are real living laws, and not dead statutes, as is most of the Temperance legislation in this country. Every sentence and clause in these laws is *obeyed*, for punishment swiftly follows the least infraction.

METHODIST UNION.

Among the many good signs of the times is the tendency to the doing away with the barriers between the various denominations of the Christian Church, and the union of branches of the same denomination, whose differences are in unimportant matters of government and discipline rather than doctrine. This will give them a greater power for good, will prevent the weighing-down by ponderous debts—in short, will forward Christianity in every way.

It will be remembered that at the London Methodist Ecumenical Conference the movement in favor of the organic union of the different branches of Methodism was very strongly recommended. Since that time the idea has steadily gained strength in the United States, with the prospect of a near consummation.

It seems probable, however, that Canada will accomplish this union very soon, as there has been considerable done already in that direction, and the question will come up again for settlement at the meeting in November.

At present the Methodists there are divided into four distinct organizations. The largest is the Methodist Church, containing 125,000 members and 1 200 ministers, and a form of government very similar to the British Wesleyan Church. Then there are the Methodist Episcopal Church, with 27,000 members and 300 ministers, the Primitive Methodist and Bible Christians, each body numbering about 8,000 members and employing 100 ministers.

The differences in all of these branches are not so radical but that they might be harmonized, providing each one is willing to yield something to the common good. Once united and working together with one strong and self-sustaining organization instead of three or four struggling ones, while the members will not suffer spiritually, the treasury will be much better supplied with means to work in communities where there is no church.

Eight years ago committees were appointed from each church division to see if some union could not be settled upon, but it fell through with because the Methodist Episcopal Church would not give up their Bishops and the others would not accept them. Two years later another effort was made which resulted in the union only of the old Methodist and the New Connection forming the present Methodist Church. Since then the agitation has been kept up, a joint-committee has been formed, whose first meeting seemed to show a disposition on all sides to make concessions, and another meeting appointed for the last Tuesday in November, when there seems a strong probability that the churches will become one organization, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

It is very probable that the church in the United States will soon follow suit, and it would be well if other denominations could see their way to the same course of action. The spectacle of a large body of Christians giving up their differences and working in harmony would do more to advance the cause of religion than all the preaching and work they can do separately in a decade.

POLITICAL ASSESSMENTS.

There is one plea in justification of political assessments which it has not yet occured to anybody to make. This is that, as a rule, everybody who holds an office is paid higher than his abilities would secure in other employ, and consequently it is nothing but right that he should have his gains clipt a little to pay the expense of getting the place and maintaining him in it.

For example, we believe we risk nothing in saying that nine out of 10 of the men who are now holding $4,000 offices could not make to exceed $2,500 in any other business that they could go at. It is therefore evident that each of these men is making at least $1,500 a year clear out of politics. Why should he not contribute to the expense of running a campaign which puts such a handsome sum in his pocket?

THE way it looks to an outsider is exprest by the Louisville *Courier-Journal:*

The Ohio Republican can read about corruption in office and all sorts of office-holding devilment without blinking, but just cut off his whisky, if you want to see him transformed to a howling Democrat.

HENRY GEORGE, the author of the book "Progress and Poverty," which is now attracting so much attention, as well as his social theories in general, arrived in New York Monday, and was warmly received by a large concourse of people. He is to lecture in this country.

THE census of Scotland shows that last April the population was 3,735,573. This is about the same as that of Ohio.

SECOND HAND TYPE FOR SALE.

The type on which we are now printing the BLADE has been in use less than six months. While it is not in proper condition to cast stereotype plates from, as is required by our new press, it is plenty good enough for small printing offices. We have on hand, in "standing matter," some 4,000 to 5,000 pounds of brevier, minion, nonpariel and agate type, which we will sell in lots of not less than 100 pounds, boxed and shipped by express, at the following very low prices: Brevier, 20 cents; minion, 24 cents; nonpariel, 28 cents; agate, 30 cents. Cash must accompany the order.

THE New York Board of Health is making a crusade against the wells in that City. Specimens have been taken from all the wells known and submitted to analysis. In nearly every instance the samples have been found strongly contaminated with sewage, the amount in some cases rising to 2 ozs. of solid matter per gallon. This applies to the driven wells—of which there are 1,800 in the City—as well as to the dug wells. The contaminated wells have been ordered to be abandoned, and this arouses the strenuous opposition of the brewers, soda-water makers, etc., who claim that the Board of Health only wants to force the use of the Croton, which is more expensive than the water pumped from private wells. These latter yield about 20,000,000 gallons a day, or 7,000,000,000 gallons per year, which, at the Croton rate of 15 cents per 100 cubic feet, would add $400,000 to the Water Works receipts. Some firms have from five to 25 wells, and save from $3,000 to $15,000 a year each.

OUR poor little regular army has as many enemies as a peach-tree. When the wearied high private is not deserting, and selling his uniform at 10 per cent. of its value to a dealer in second-hand clothes, he is being "shanghaied" by rascally shipping agents. Recently Private MCGUIRE, on duty in San Francisco, was plied with drugged drink, taken aboard a British ship, and when he came to his senses was informed that he had agreed to go along on a voyage to Cork as a man before the mast. His efforts to communicate with his officers ashore were fruitless until he fastened a letter to a piece of wood and threw it aboard a passing steamer. The letter reached its destination, and caused the man's release through the interference of Government officials and the British Consul.

IT is developed by the inquiry now going on in Washington with regard to the "Jeannette" that she was not of a model that would enable her to escape the tremendous ice pressure to which she was certain to be subjected. In those ships built especially for the Arctic service there are no broad flat surfaces under water on which ice blocks can press, but they are lifted up by the ice floes closing under them. Such was the case with the ship "Neptune" which had such a narrow escape from destruction last August. She was jammed in the ice but as the floes came together, they forced her up three feet out of water. This knowledge ought to be of use in preparing ships for Arctic explorations hereafter.

IT is a curious thing that a man supposed to be gifted with common sense should make such a senseless ruling as that of the supervising inspector of steamboats in Chicago, that under no *possible* circumstances must tugs carry passengers, upon penalty of being fined $500 for each person. As a consequence three persons were drowned last Sunday afternoon, and these are not the first who have gone to their death within reach of assistance. It seems strange that Chicago people do not so deal with the matter that so brutal a regulation and its author should be put out of the way at once. Common humanity would dictate an immediate change.

POSTMASTER GENERAL HOWE, it is said, will, in his annual report, recommend the adoption of the postal telegraph system by the Government. His argument will be that the people demand and need a cheaper rate for the transmission of telegrams than is now afforded by the companies having the business in charge. He will cite the excellent workings of the British system, which is controlled by the postal authorities, and will urge that there is no valid reason why it should not be adopted here.

MR. BROOKE, of New York, who is a professional thumper, was rash enough to offer a prize of $500 to whoever could knock him out time in four rounds lasting 12 minutes. Mr. CLEARY, who is high-art thumper in Philadelphia, and moreover known as "the Giant," took up Mr. BROOKE'S bold defi, and in the first round landed a blow on the New Yorkers jugular that spilled every drop of desire for fight out of him. Mr. CLEARY now sighs for a tete-a tete with Mr. SULLIVAN of Boston.

THE wheat product of the year ending October 1, in California, is more than double in value of that of the output of bullion, that of the former being $44,000,000, while the bullion amounts to between $18,000,000 and $19,000,000. And the Upper Peninsula of the State of Michigan can give California large odds in the worth of its metals and minerals produced this year, the value of iron ores and copper for 1882 promising to exceed $25,000,000.

THE Outs are always ready to promise anything to be made Ins. The Civil Service Reform Association of Pennsylvania is catechizing the candidates for Congress in that State as to their attitude on the question. All the Democratic nominees who have responded express a warm interest in the subject and a commendable opposition to party assessments.

NINE years ago the SPRAGUES of Rhode Island failed. Their assets were valued at $20,000,000; their liabilities were $14,000,000. The estate is not yet settled; suit after suit has been before the court and the property is in a greater tangle than ever. When it is finally straightened out, it is probable that there will be nothing left of the $6,000,000.

IT is said that the monstrous but inseparable curse of Arctic Summer life is the mosquito. He abounds, flourishes, luxuriates, and there is no escaping him by any possible device. This information decides us. We shall give up all idea of an Arctic expedition, for to add mosquitos to cold and ice would be too much for our philosophy.

SORGHUM raising in New Jersey proves to be a success. On a farm of 1,000 acres the land of which was of inferior quality to start with until cultivation brought it to an average degree of fertility, this year's crop will be 235,000 pounds of sugar and 15,000 gallons of molasses, and the company owning the land expect to clear $50,000.

NASBY IN EXILE.

All out of employment should at once secure territory for Mr LOCKE'S new book, and commence the canvass at once. It is a most prosperous season, and the most inexperienced agent can sell over 100 copies before the Holidays. Send to Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, for particulars.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has commuted the death sentence of Walsh, convicted as accessory to the murder of Constable Kavanagh, to penal servitude for life.—At Leavenworth, A. B. Donnels, under a star route indictment, and unable to furnish bail, has been three weeks in jail, and his hair has turned from jet black to pure white.—John D. Defrees, for many years Public Printer at Washington, died Thursday at Berlin Springs, Va., in his 73d year, leaving five children. In 1831 he published a newspaper at South Bend, Indiana, and in 1844 became proprietor of the Indianapolis Journal, which he conducted for 10 years.—In 26 States the total number of teachers was given as 180,635 in 1871, and in all the States and Territories as 282 644 in 1880, divided in the former case into 66,969 men and 163 743 women, and in the latter into 116,012 men and 157,657 women.—Col. Boudinot, an educated Cherokee, is editing a paper in English at Fayetteville, Ark.—A man at Smyrna Landing, Del., has a second crop of strawberries, amounting to three crates.—A locomotive now being built at Chattanooga, Tenn., is the first one ever built south of the Ohio River.—It is expected that in 18 months the Cincinnati, Green River & Nashville Railroad, from King's Mountain to Nashville, 16 miles, will be completed. It will be a branch of the Cincinnati Southern, and gives Nashville a competing route to the North and East. It will be about 32 miles shorter distance to Cincinnati than via Louisville.—The cholera has returned to Japan. The official returns show that since the 1st of May over 47,000 cases have been recorded, of which nearly 28,000 ended fatally.—The trotting stallion Monon Chief, with running mate, made two miles at Lexington, Ky., Saturday, in 4:36, two and a half seconds better than Shoo Maxwell's time, and that mucn better than the previous best record.—The owner of a broad, four story brick hotel at Bristol, Conn., advertises that he will demolish it on April 3, 1883, unless in the meantime the town reverses its vote of no license to sell liquor.—Glue, when mixed with one-fourth part glycerine, is found to have an elasticity and pliability which prevents its cracking when dry. A German chemist in Nuremberg has called attention to this.—The largest steel spring ever made in the world has just been successfully rolled at Kloman's steel works, Pittsburg, for the United States Car Motor Company, of Palladelphia. It is 310 feet long,

Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Political Affairs Mixed—Slandering the Dramatic Profession—One Actress Vindicated—The Dogs at St. John's College—Gamblers Crushed—Famous War Ships—Vast Effort on Elevated Railway Travel—Good Homes for the Poor—The Prettiest Registers—Verdict Against the Tribune—John Devoy Indicted

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21, 1882.

The political situation is more mixed than ever. One thing, however, is certain: John Kelly is more completely the boss of Tammany than ever; and not only politically has he trampled the managers under his bob nailed boot of the disaffected rank and file of those organizations manage to agree with the Mayor on an independent ticket with such a man as Comptroller Grant for Mayor, Mr. Kelly would have a good chance of being effectually snowed under. I doubt if there is common sense enough in this city to carry such a ticket through, for there are too many partisans who would never vote for the head of the other party ticket, and the rest of the City follow the fate of Solomon's men who vote any but a "regular" ticket.

CONTINUING LIBELS.

Much interest has been shown in the suit of the American News Company, charged with circulating a paper containing articles about Marie Prescott, and the verdict of $12,500 by the latter is very generally approved. The American News Company is the bugbear of authors. If the Company refuses a new paper it is useless to appeal to the public, for it can block the game through, whether the public want it or not, the result being to act as a caution to people who are timid or foolish enough to think that all actresses are immoral. That is as virtuous and circumspect a class of the stage as there are in Fifth avenue, and, as a class, they are above the average of any class of the sex, in public or private. True, there are black sheep in the fold, but not one now to ago there were half a dozen. The French ought to do is to try to find out who wrote the libels on her and file suit to make Prescott pay for it. Such a suit would be sure to result in a verdict for the plaintiff.

IN A CHRISTIAN COLLEGE IS GUARDED.

St. John's College at Fordham, a little north of Harlem River, is one of the most important of the Jesuit seats of learning in the country. To keep trespassers from the grounds of the college they do not employ a watchman, or secure the service of policemen, but depend upon three savage dogs, which are chained by day but let go free at night. The other evening a boy 17 years old, coming from Williams bridge to this city, thought to take a nearer way to the city, followed the path way over a stile and left the railroad track into the grounds of the college. He had proceeded but a short distance when two great dogs sprang at him, knocked him down, tore his clothes, and turned their teeth in his arms and legs. His cries for help brought the watchman of the premises to the spot with still another dog which he did not restrain from joining in the fray. The poor boy's body from the feet to the head was a mass of gore. By hard work the dogs were driven off, and the watchman led the boy, covered with blood and with his clothes hanging in shreds, off to the gate and showed him the way out. The boy, after wandering for a short distance, was taken to the Mount Vernon Hospital, where his wounds were pronounced very dangerous, both hands being bitten through and his left leg and right leg shockingly mangled. This is a strictly Christian institution, I venture to opine that savage dogs are out of place, and I further venture to guess that if there is any grit (and as much as there is among the inhabitants of Fordham, no lives of those dogs will be brief after this episode did not in anyway reflect the festivities of this St. John (Baptist?) day, which were enjoyed on Tuesday last by all actresses are immoral. That is as virtuous and circumspect a class of the stage as there are in Fifth avenue, and, as a class, they are above the average of any class of the sex, in public or private. True, there are black sheep in the fold, but not one now to ago there were half a dozen. The French ought to do is to try to find out who wrote the libels on her and file suit to make Prescott pay for it. Such a suit would be sure to result in a verdict for the plaintiff.

CRUSHED AGAIN.

The recent law against the form of gambling known as book making, which is the chief business at horse races, has given the sporting man much trouble. For a time they were able to get injunctions to prevent police interference with their work, and complaisant Judges would fix the date for hearing somewhat the day after the races were over, and of course no argument was heard. It seems, however, that some of the Judges are not ready to play the game for black legs as some have been, for a suit for an injunction brought by the Jerome Park Villa & Site Company against the Board of Police to restrain further interference with the business of "bookmaking," so it is known, in Jerome Park, Judge Van Brunt quotes the statute law, and says: "The whole policy of legislation shows that betting and gaming is looked upon with disfavor, and that the Legislature have endeavored to prevent it in every possible way, evidently believing that its suppression would result in benefit to the people at large. I am of the opinion, therefore, that the business of bookmaking, as described in the plaintiff's complaint is unlawful, and that no injunction should issue in this case." The Judge denied the motion for an injunction.

FAMOUS VESSELS IN PORT.

On West Twenty-third street, North River, are the flag-ship "Tennessee," the tender-ship "Minnesota," the "Yantic," the "Portsmouth," "Alliance," "Enterprise," "Essex," "Nantucket" and two French vessels of war. The American naval vessels stopping the "Minnesota," are under orders to sail for Philadelphia to join in the Centennial anniversary of the landing of William Penn.

HOW WE TRAVEL.

The little table here given may convey to you or your country readers of how we of this city people stir about. A statement of the number of passengers carried and the fares received by the elevated railways from Jan. 1, 1872, to Sept. 30, 1882, has just appeared. Here are some of the figures:

	Passengers.	Receipts.
Year ending Sept. 30, 1873	46,047,181	$3,506,628 52
Year ending Sept. 30, 1881	69,631,787	5,811,023 88
Nine months ending Sept. 30, 1882	73,585,778	5,973,553 41
	80,461,099	

HOUSE FOR THE POOR.

Rooms or flats of the most elegant finish, where the rent of a floor is more than that of an ordinary house, we have no conspicuous instance of provision for the poor. The best example of this is in the city where there is an apartment house containing 900 persons—a village nearly, with its bakery shop, grocery, butchers store, shoe shop, toy store, tailor's shop, free library, barber shop and club room.

At no time is the contrast between this model dwelling place of nearly a thousand people and the ordinary tenement house more marked than at night. In place of foul odors, swarms of ragged and dirty children and disorderly noises that make the dirty narrow court and dilapidated tenements of the common dwellings of the poor, there is at night a spacious, well-lighted yard surrounded by hundreds of windows glowing with light from homes where children are sleeping in neat beds and parents are busy with housework or visiting their neighbors. The club room is a favorites resort in the evenings. It is a large well ventilated room whose white walls are covered with neatly framed lithographs and steel engravings, which give the place a refined appearance. There are small tables and plenty of comfortable chairs in the room and on a centre table the best magazines and newspapers, with well thumbed pages, are scattered. On Saturday evenings especially the tables are surrounded with bakers, shoemakers, painters and artisans of all kinds, quietly playing cards, checkers, dominos or chess, while other workingmen are smoking, reading and gossiping together. In one corner stands the well-patronized "bar," as the frequenters of the club-room call the large water-cooler, and from this is drawn the strongest beverage allowed in the club. When the men leave this place to go to their homes they pass through the still courtyard and up the clean stairways, catching now and then glimpses of pretty home-scenes through open doors, instead of going home through the streets and encountering the temptations that lurk in the open doorways of liquor-shops. No attempt is made to forbid the use of beer or other strong drink in private apartments, but the tenants all understand that drunkenness and disorder mean prompt dismissal from the place.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR WILL VOTE.

The President, before leaving for Washington, went to the polling-place in his district, and was sworn in the usual manner:

"What is your name?" asked the Supervisor.

"Chester A. Arthur," answered the President.

"Where do you live?"

"At No. 123 Lexington avenue."

The President then gave his birthplace as Vermont, and said he had lived 18 years at his present home.

"There is nothing more, thank you," said the Supervisor, and the President withdrew.

THE "TRIBUNE" MULCTED.

William Martin, who was injured by the falling upon him of part of a fence around the new *Tribune* building, sued the concern for $10,000. The jury gave him $3,500. The *Tribune* people made no other defense than the contractors for the building were responsible for the injury. This the Court would not allow.

AN IRISH LEADER IN TROUBLE.

No less a man than August Belmont has procured an indictment for criminal libel against John Devoy, editor of the *Irish Nation*. Last September an article appeared in the *Nation* accusing Mr. Belmont of withholding certain drafts sent through his banking house by the late Col. John O'Mahony, then Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood, to a member of the order in Ireland; that subsequently the sender of the drafts demanded back the money, but that, as alleged, Mr. Belmont, "acting in the interest of the British Government and in flagrant violation of the trust reposed in him as a banker, refused to deliver up the money." In case of a conviction the penalty is one year in the penitentiary and a fine of $250.

MINOR MATTERS.

Mr. Weed's health is improving. He feels the old fire in his veins, and is anxious to register and vote, particularly as Judge Folger is his personal friend.

The site of the old postoffice on Nassau street brought $32.50 per square foot. But certain property in lower Broadway has brought over $100 a foot. A silver dollar is almost an inch and a half in diameter. Supposing dollars covered a square foot. So there are lots in New York that a purchaser would have to cover almost twice with silver dollars. How much would that be an acre? At $100 a foot, only $4,356,000.

With regard to land-piracy at Coney Island, the Chairman of the Investigating Committee says: "There has been some remarkable wholesale stealing going on down at Coney Island. The Tweed King's operations were no worse, when the difference in the value of land and the City is taken into consideration. There was a deliberate attempt down there to steal a whole town. I believe that the Town Appraiser and the three Trustees, who signed away the leases, could be indicted."

Mr. Thomas B. Connery, the managing editor of the *Herald*, is again in his seat, after a tour in Europe. John Swinton has just sailed for England.

Mrs. Catherine C. Morris, who died at Harlem on Thursday aged 95, remembered her father holding her on his shoulder while both saw Washington take the oath as President in 1789, at Wall and Nassau streets, on the porch of the old City Hall.

Many years ago a Brooklyn police officer swallowed a needle, which remained two years in his stomach, causing intolerable pain. The pain disappeared and years went by without a thought of the needle. A few years ago there came a small lump on his ankle, and soon after the needle came out.

ZERO.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Outlook for the Next Congress—Mr. Hubbell Still Confident—The Star Route Complications—The Contest in Virginia—The Late President and Virginia—Items.

Correspondence Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20, 1882.

The unexpected loss of so many members of Congress in Ohio has produced a general impression in both parties that the next House will have in it a Democratic majority, and it is said here that both parties are preparing to contest the Speakership with Mr. Randall on the ground of his Free Trade views, which are directly antagonistic to those of the Pennsylvania statesman. But this impression in regard to the next House is not shared by the Congressional Committee. The Chairman of that Committee, after looking carefully over the ground, has come to the conclusion that the chances of the Republican party are better than they were at this time two years ago, and that unless they throw away their hand they will maintain their majority. Mr. Hubbell says there are 134 Districts (including those that have elected) that he holds to be sure for the Republicans and 113 that are sure for the Democrats. Then there are 78 Districts that are doubtful—of these, a majority—he thinks 43—will be Republicans. The new House will consist of 325 members and a majority is 163. If we add to Mr. Hubbell's own figures the 46 which he claims from the doubtful ones, we shall have 180, which would be quite enough for all practical purposes. As to New England, he expects about the old results. He appears to be equally sanguine as to New York and Pennsylvania where the divisions do not enter into the Congressional contest, and will, as he reasons, rather help than hurt the Republican Congressional nominees. In Indiana, he says, the Ohio failure will rather advance than hinder Republican interests, and in the South there ought to be considerable gains, and he believes there will be Mr. Hubbell lays great stress on the fact that while the Tariff Commission must report to this Congress its report will be sent over to the new Congress for final adjustment and settlement. The business men of the country who have large interests at stake in the settlement of the Tariff, feel that it is safer in the hands of the Republicans than in those of the Democrats; and that neither alone should, he thinks, be sufficient to determine the complexion of the next House. This is a more hopeful view of the result than has generally been entertained.

There appears to be no end to the complications of the Star Route cases and the repeated declarations that they are to be prosecuted to the bitter end does not seem to strengthen the public in the belief that the result will be greatly improved by the new trials. The affidavits which have been published showing the persevering attempts of the "jury fixers" to insure a verdict for the Government are explained by a variety of theories, but in spite of every explanation they make an impression against the prosecution; and the press begin to complain that the efforts of the Attorney General have not been commensurate with his reputation, and that the case has, in fact, been very badly managed.

Meantime it is pleasant to know that the peculiar methods of Brady in the Postoffice Department have been reversed and that the effect is very marked. While the Star Route service has been extended according to the growth of the country and the demands of frontier interests the expenses are about a million less than they were under the management of Brady and the increased revenue coupled with the diminished expenses promise to make the Postoffice Department a paying institution.

The campaign in Virginia continues to look hopeful for the coalition. Hon. John M. Langston, who has just returned from a campaigning tour in that State, has had his meetings very largely attended and at Richmond spoke to 10,000 people. He speaks with the utmost confidence of the result and expects that the majority for John S. Wise, the Congressman-at-Large, will reach 20,000. Wise is one of the younger sons of Gov. Wise, and is a brilliant speaker and very successful in his popular efforts. You can form some idea of the effect of this coalition movement on the people of Virginia by the way that its campaigners talk. Mr. Wise in his address at Alexandria, and also at West Point and other places, referred to the fact that he was the son of Gov. Wise, that he was present and aiding at the execution of John Brown, that he had been a slave-holder and was deprived of his slaves by the act of the American Government, that he had gone into the rebellion and bore on his body wounds received in the defense of slavery, but he was so far reconstructed that he now rejoiced that every man was free and that the old race of slaves were now citizens and electors. He desired for them, he said, the largest liberty, the education of their children, their increase in wealth and intelligence and their just influence in the affairs of the State. The encouragement of a movement which affects so directly the condition of the colored people ought not, certainly, to be regarded with indifference by the Republican party.

An interesting controversy has arisen between the Republicans of this City and the New York *Tribune* as to whether Pres. Garfield ever gave any countenance to the Virginia coalition. The *Tribune*, which at the time took the coalition by the hand, has since found reason to repudiate it, and contends that Mahone and his followers were never in Garfield's favor, and that the late President did nothing to promote a union with anything so repulsive to Republican principles. To prove its point, it quotes Gen. Garfield's evasive reply to Gen. Wickham and the straight-out Republican Republican delegation that sought his aid. In this conversation he was reported as saying:

"I am positively and emphatically opposed to any party or people whose belief would militate against the public faith or credit. It was for Virginia Republicans to decide whether the Readjuster movement was tainted with repudiation. If it was, they ought not to support it."

The *Republican*, in response to these reported words of the President refusing to commit himself against Mahone, quotes an interview with Mahone in the presence of a large number of distinguished citizens (naming them), in which he went into details as to the best method of accomplishing the proposed combination, and on being informed that it was Mahone's purpose to carry his fight into the Senate, the President said he should, in that case, make no distinction between him and any Administration Senator.

This *distinction* referred to was understood to touch the matter of appointments to office, although that does not seem to have been directly said. As to the evasive reply to the Straight-outs in relation to the *public faith* and to the question of fact, whether the Readjuster movement *was tainted with repudiation*, the *Republican* replies that the President did not undertake to decide whether it was so tainted or not, but said "it was for *Virginia Republicans to decide*." He adds: "The Virginia Republicans in State Convention assembled August 10 of the same year did decide that Readjusterism was not tainted with repudiation." It then says:

"The interview of Gen. Wickham with Pres. Garfield of June 17 was for the purpose of securing an expression against coalition. It failed of its purpose. The *Tribune* disingenuously quotes Garfield's polite evasion of the subject, and then treats it as a contradiction of affirmative statements of ours. We have named Gen. Mahone as a witness to the correctness of one of our statements, and Sen. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Charles E Smith and Frank A. Burr, both of the Philadelphia *Press*, as witnesses to the other. Now, we say to the *Tribune* that during the Senate dead-lock Pres. Garfield assured Republican Senators, who can be named, that he was in full sympathy with the Mahone movement, and requested them to so state to Gen. Mahone, which they did."

This is according to the newspaper reports at the time, and it would seem that Pres. Arthur, in his encouragement of the coalition, has only followed out the footsteps of his predecessor.

Ohio should have reclaimed more of her truant citizens living in Washington. It is stated by one of our papers that in one of the close Districts 18 voters went from this city and succeeded in getting their ballots polled; and as the Republican majority was less than 18, they had the satisfaction to know that they were of some account. In the Eighteenth District, where the majority for McKinley was said to be only 8, Washington sent out 16 voters and again turned the scale.

In the matter of expenses for the sickness and death of the late President, claims have been sent to the Board of Audit from some 30 persons, including messengers, nurses, cooks, etc., etc., amounting to about $70,000. The largest is the claim of Dr. Bliss ($25,000), then Agnew ($14,700), then Reyburn ($10,800), then Mrs Elson ($10,000.) Drs. Hamilton and Boynton have not been heard from. With this exception it is supposed that the claims are all in. The apportionment has, of course, not been completed.

The argument before the Supreme Court in relation to the Arlington estate is now in progress and has enlisted a great amount of legal ability. The heirs of Gen. Lee do not seek to reclaim the land but only to recover its value.

The return of the President, now near at hand, will bring back all our strolling statesmen, and we shall soon have the excitements, which have wandered away during the Summer, restored to us. We are within about six weeks of the session of Congress, but with a great election pending, no one thinks of what it is to do. A few days more, and the story of the election will be told, the figures added up and the dead and the wounded carried from the field. Then we shall hear of the aspirants for the Speakership and of what the winning party will do.

It should be said as a set off to the very encouraging view presented by the Chairman of the Congressional Committee that the Democrats are stronger than Mr. Hubbell, and calculate that they will have, in the new House, a majority of 40. They profess to have very encouraging news from the West.

Our weather continues to be remarkable. It is now the 20th of October, but there are as yet no signs of frost, and our market is overflowing with the green vegetables of the Summer.

BUCKEYE.

A TRUE STATEMENT

Of the Riot at Winsboro, S. C., and the Assault Upon McLane, the Greenback Candidate for Governor.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Oct. 19, 1882.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade

I am greatly surprised to find a lying Bourbon communication from this City, dated Sept. 27, published in your issue of the 5th inst., in relation to the late Bourbon riot in Winsboro, entitled "Intimidating a Greenbacker." It was evidently the intention of the writer to mislead the Republicans of the North, by not only withholding the truth, but by *intentionally* giving currency to falsehood of the basest character.

In the first place, let me say that McLane was nominated for Governor by a Convention of Independents and Greenbackers, representing nearly every County in the State, and, with the entire State nomination, was fully indorsed by the State Republican Convention of the 13th ult., excepting the financial plank in the Greenback platform. Thus it is that McLane and his ticket has become the Independent People's candidates, and will receive the united support of every element of opposition to Bourbon rule.

The general stock law, which has gone into effect in every portion of this State, makes it a misdemeanor for any man's cow to munch grass on another man's land, thus compelling all stock to be pastured on the owners' domain, and that, too, when only one third of our lands are cleared; the remaining two-thirds being a wilderness of pasturage, has aroused the indignation of thousands of white Democrats, who have come to the front as Greenbackers and Independents to sweep the imbecile Bourbon tyrants from place and power. Time and space will fail me to give you a general outline of the other highly objectionable legislation which has been instrumental in provoking these heretofore passive Democrats into active and determined opposition.

To follow and fasten the stock law and other Bourbon blunders upon the people forever the Registration and eight-box election fraud law was passed in order to defeat the popular will. This law is so framed that Bourbons may have every advantage in registration, by prescribing eight boxes and tickets 2½x5 inches, printed or written in black ink, on white paper, without any mark or sign to indicate for whom voted, the voter to pop through a railed passage *alone* to the ballot boxes, there to be sworn, produce his certificate of registration and deposit his eight votes in as many boxes—any votes deposited in the wrong box not to be counted—the sole aim and object of its framers being to make it impossible for 60,000 colored voters and 20,000 whites who cannot read and write to deposit their votes for the men and measures they sustain and approve. This most outrageous fraud perpetrated by our perjured Bourbon oppressors, has aroused even more opposition than the Stock law, and has fired the popular heart as never before since the days of the rebellion. Worst of all, the same Legislature gave us three or four very important amendments to the Constitution to be voted upon and decided by the swindling process—thus changing the organic law of the land by fraud. One of the proposed amendments is to disfranchise any citizen for very trivial offenses tried by a petty trial Justice, and which virtually disfranchises every man who may fall into the hands of these officers upon trumped up charges. So much as "a preliminary to the opposition of all honest men to the continuance in power of these most abominable frauds claiming to be the only representatives of good, honest government."

Now, in a State Convention numbering 120 delegates, two-thirds of them *white Democrats*, McLane closed his remarks when nominated, by saying: "If elected by the honest votes of the people, I will be your Governor," and added, in the language of Wade Hampton, "Or by the guns of Wade Hampton, "Or by the eternal, we will have a military government."

This was no empty boast, but given as an earnest of his determination to his friends, who expected the "honest votes" to be counted out, as has been the custom here since 1876. Your lying correspondent tries to show up McLane as a coward, who made a show of bravery in his utterance before the Convention, and then backed down before the very sight of a red shirt, at Winnsboro! The fact is, McLane had gone alone to a majority of his appointments in the State, and *alone* had spoken, and braved the threats, taunts and insults of the infuriated Bourbons, which no single individual had ever before attempted during the excitement of a political canvass. Only one man, Dr. Durham, accompanied him to Winnsboro. Durham was reported sick in bed, when McLane, arm in arm with Maj. Woodward, the Bourbon County Chairman, and leading his little daughter, were on the point of leaving the hotel to address the meeting, when he was assaulted by a crowd of drunken red-shirt rowdies who collared and kicked him, in spite of all the efforts of the said County Chairman to prevent it. At length he was gotten into a room by the said Co. Chairman and locked in to save him from their murderous assaults. Under these circumstances he refused to make any further attempts to speak. When the surging crowd, despite the protestations of their own party County Chairman, who stood before and about them with a drawn pistol, swearing that if they did not obey him and desist from their unlawful acts, he would pull off his red shirt and never put it on again. They broke open the parlor door of the hotel to get hold of McLane, and could only be stayed by the Sheriff and his posse, all efforts having completely failed. Now let me say that I have gleaned this statement from the *News and Courier*, a pestiferous, Bourbon sheet, which never tells the truth about a political opponent when a lie will answer. The Greenback and Independent account is still more revolting, and in addition proves most conclusively that Hugh S. Thompson, the Bourbon candidate for Governor was the ringleader of the disgraceful outrage, he having a few days before in a public speech in Winnsboro, urged his red shirt adherents "to give McLane the same kind of a reception they gave Col. Taft in 1880, *or a worse one if possible*," to which they responded, "We will! we will!" Taft was pelted and mobbed out of sight, and McLane only saved his life by refusing to speak after the first untimely assault was made.

Now, Mr. Editor, having heard a true statement of this abominable outrage upon free speech and the rights of the people, I trust you will give it such comments as will set the honest, free people of the United States to work for our redemption, and more particularly to prevent the National Government from being captured by the lying, swindling Bourbon hypocrites, "who say and do not."

I enclose the resolutions adopted by our Greenback State Convention, which I trust you will publish for the information of our people, who may be prejudiced against what is termed Greenbackism.

REPUBLICAN.

BOSTON.

The Presidential Reception—The Webster Centennial—Home Again.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

BOSTON, Oct. 14, 1882.

The great event of the month is a thing of the past. The President has come, seen, conquered and departed, shaking the dust of our classic City off his official feet. Had he remained a day or two longer he would have had nothing but mud to shake off, and that of Boston's very wettest variety.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

It is to be hoped that he was pleased with his welcome here; certainly it must be rather flattering even to one in so high a position to see every man, woman and child who is able to "hire a window," or walk or even hobble to a street corner, either decorously waving a handkerchief from a fourth story, or wildly clapping and shouting on the curbstone.

For two weeks beforehand little else was talked of among the female portion of the population, save the deep and intricate mysteries of the toilets to be worn at the President's reception. The invitations were quite handsomely gotten up by John A. Lowell, and the fortunate possessors of the magic cards were objects of envy to their less favored friends and acquaintances.

A POOR, DISAPPOINTED WOMAN.

One anxious mother, whose daughter was at the time away from town, was distracted when her husband, quite a well-known merchant, should not receive an invitation. One day the wished-for envelope arrived, she viewed its ample size with great delight, and then, in too much haste even to open it, she rushed down town, bought a new dress for her blooming daughter, and telegraphed to her to come home immediately. When her husband came home at night she said, "You've had your invitation, and you must go and take Susan; for myself, I care nothing about it, but I'm determined that *she* shall see the President." He admitted the force of reasoning, and meekly asked to see the envelope, which when opened was found to contain a bill for a new refrigerator. The scene which followed can be more easily imagined than described.

However, the people who did go (and there were plenty of them) had the pleasure of a preliminary crush in the corridors of the Brunswick and a hearty hand-shake from our country's head, in the parlors arranged for the reception. The dresses were quite elaborate, some of them very elegant. After the first greeting President Arthur had, for the majority of the guests, no greater attraction than any other man there. Hidden as he was by the constant stream of new-comers, his presence became almost forgotten, and the people talked politely, jostled and stepped on each other in the manner common to such large receptions. The dinner was very elegant, but I imagine the crush prevented even the most anxious from getting a second plateful.

But all things must have an end, and even a President's reception—as well as he, himself—must conform to the universal decree. The last carriage rolled away from the hotel, and comparative peace and quiet once more reigned.

THE WEBSTER CELEBRATION.

On Thursday President Arthur visited Marshfield to attend the Webster centennial. One woman on the train spoke enthusiastically of "the man that wrote the dictionary, that they're celebrating." She received information to the contrary, and with scarcely a moment's hesitation adopted her ideas and eulogy to "the political man." Such is the versatility of a true New Englander!

The next thing which interests every one is the benefit of our well-known comedian, Mr. Wm. Warren, on the 50th anniversary of his first appearance on the stage of the Boston Museum. The seats were sold at auction, and for quite a high premium, the best seats bringing $13 and $15 apiece. Mr. Warren is a great favorite, and that to theater goers nothing seems too much to pay in his cause. The two performances are to take place on the afternoon and evening of Oct. 28th. Mr. Warren's portrait, which has been painted by Vinton, is to be presented to him by Mayor Green.

BOSTON ITSELF AGAIN.

The last sojourners in the country or at the seashore have returned, and Boston has resumed its wonted look. Doors have been unbarred, blinds thrown open and windows and door-bells polished to their former brightness. The streets are crowded with shoppers, and the redingote seems to be almost omnipresent. It is to be hoped that there will be some new outer garment invented before long, for this inevitable box plaiting becomes a little monotonous after a while. There certainly, however is plenty of variety to be found in the hats which range in size from the smallest saucer to the largest poke imaginable. After the comments were made last Winter, it will be only the most daring of the fair sex who will venture to appear in public halls or theaters with the latter style on their heads, as the vials of wrath poured out by the people "in the row behind" are something terrible to incur.

L. G. BARRY.

Prohibition in Maine.

To the Editor of the Blade:

Thinking there might be some mistake as to the failure of prohibitory legislation in the State of Maine, I have been curious to know what the people of that State thought about it. The Republican party carried Maine (not Ohio) this year, and so I looked to see if there was anything on that subject in the platform on which it did it. I find the following:

"We refer with confidence and pride to the general record of the Republican party in support of the policy of prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors, the wisdom and efficiency of which legislation in promoting the moral and material interests of Maine have been demonstrated through the practical annihilation of that traffic in a large portion of the State; and we favor such legislation and such enforcement of law as will secure to every portion of our territory freedom from that traffic. We further recommend the submission to the people of a constitutional prohibitory amendment.

Is not this testimony of the Republican State Convention of Maine for the year 1882, indorsed by a majority of the voters of that State at the polls of some value?

Toledo, Oct. 20. PROHIBITOR.

AN OLD SOLDIER

Wants a Home and Employment.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

I wish through the BLADE to make a brief and very imperfect statement of matters and things which seriously affect my interests and happiness, and solicit the advice of all persons who feel sufficiently interested to offer any.

Born in the South, on the firing of the first gun in the rebellion, I shouldered my musket in defense of the Union, and continued in active service throughout the war, leaving the army a Captain. Towards the close of the war I was stationed South and married there, and when the war ended, not wishing to separate my wife from her relatives, and having but few myself, remained South. For a while I got along very well; fear of confiscation, exile and other punishment kept the old fires in check; but the conciliatory measures of the Government and mistaken policy of the country in bestowing upon them their rights as citizens soon emboldened them to that extent that my interests, happiness, peace of mind, and life became seriously endangered.

Did it affect me alone I would not so much care; but my wife and five darling children are equally subject.

For years I have struggled on, leading an almost hermit's life, making a bare subsistence by the cultivation of the soil, (and thanking God all the time that there was no prejudice in it and that *it* could not be influenced against me) but my health is failing, and I must seek less laborious pursuits. Moreover, my dear children are growing up in ignorance, and one of them, my oldest boy, sneered at because of the name of Lincoln. So long as I was able to live, I had vowed that I would not be driven from the land by those who, by their treason, had forfeited a home in it. But that time is now past, and I am at a loss what to do or where to go to find an agreeable home, where I can be respected, and where my children can enjoy the advantages of society.

Are there any readers of the BLADE who feel sufficient interest in a Union soldier, who shed his blood in the campaigns of the Rappahannock and at Gettysburg, who never shirked his duty, and whose health was permanently ruined by the hardships of the war, to advise me where to go and what to do. I believe I possess fair business qualifications, have considerable mercantile experience, some knowledge of farming and stock, but my means are exceedingly limited. So far as my character and reputation is concerned, I will stake my life on it against all the lying slanders of rebels that I am a gentleman, though I admit that I would be badly bothered to prove that by many of my neighbors. Had I been but a "common" soldier, it would have not been so bad—more especially had I done like many, voted the *Democratic ticket*. But no, I had been a *Captain*, and what made it *worse, of colored troops*, and worse than all, an *active, unflinching Republican* throughout. This was more than rebeldom could stand, and so they "put the screws" to me, and the result is, humiliating though it be, I am compelled to ask the advice, possibly the aid—God knows it will be appreciated—of any who are disposed to to assist me in this my great extremity. I want to know *where to go* and *what to do*, to live; how to get there. I am willing to work at any honorable pursuit, provided that myself and innocent family are not exposed to the sneers, scorn and persecutions of the community, because I done my whole duty to my country in its time of need.

Now, if any are interested in this matter will they kindly address the editor of the BLADE in my behalf.

UNION SOLDIER SOUTH.

A GREETING

To Our Free Traders From Over the Water.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

As England has succeeded in securing a Representative in the Forty-eighth American Congress, from one of the Congressional Districts of Ohio, she sends greeting to her quasi-subjects in Toledo, her acknowledgments, and sings:

"God save me, great John Bull!
Long keep my pockets full.
God save John Bull!
Ever victorious,
Haughty, valiglorious,
Snobbish, censorious.
God save John Bull!

O Lords,* our gods arise!
Tax all our enemies;
Make Tariffs fall!
Confound French politics.
Frustrate all Turkish tricks,
Get Yankees in a fix,
God bless them all!

The choicest grits in store,
On me, me only pour,
me, great John Bull!
Maintain oppressive laws,
Drown down the poor man's cause,
So sing, with heart and voice,
I, Great John Bull!

*The upper branch of Parliament

This version of the National anthem will doubtless be *hurd* in the Forty-eighth Congress. W. S. C.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 17, 1882.

A Word to Home-seekers.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I am requested by several readers of your most valuable paper to describe this part of the country. It lies six miles in the interior from Boone's Landing. It is level, ridge land, abounding in rich coves and benches, producing from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds of white burly tobacco per acre; corn, from 40 to 50 bushels; wheat, 20 to 35 bushels per acre. Irish and sweet potatoes do splendidly, and vegetables generally do well. The range for stock is splendid—plenty of pea vine and wild grasses and running water. It is almost incredible, Mr. Editor, that such land can be had for $5 per acre partly improved, with its good market facilities, being only 18 miles from Portsmouth with a daily boat. But such is the case. As I am a new comer here, and wishing to settle the country with farmers and tobacco raisers, I will give any information concerning this country, addressed as below, with stamp enclosed for return answer. Send your paper with one list, as I will make a club up for the good old BLADE.

WILLIAM DOHERTY.

Quincy, Lewis Co., Ky. Oct. 17, 1882.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

One of my friends had a brother in the army in the late Rebellion, and who was killed in the war, but he did not find it out until after the war was over a good while. His sister wrote to him from Germany and wanted to know whether he had heard anything about his brother. The last news heard from him was that he was in the army. We have done all we could think of to find out the regiment and company he was in, but without success. If some old soldier or reader of the BLADE knows anything about him, or saw him in the war, we would be very grateful for the information. His name was August Hartman, from Durren Bade, Germany.

CHARLES BARCHLER,
Topeka, Kansas.

Appeal to Bob Ingersoll.

You have set more people to thinking about the ungodliness and inhumanity profusely filling the pages of the holy books than any other man dead or living. You have taught us human morality a in place of the alternate godly and devilish morality deducted from the "books." We acknowledge you as our champion. Now we would ask one more great service of you in furtherance of our cause. John Moody and Sankey and date your conversion from the time you accepted the defense of Dorsey. What will excuse an unpretentious attorney will not excuse a reformer. AGNOSTIC.

Toledo, O., Oct. 20.

Execution of Five Negros in Georgia.

EASTMAN, Ga., Oct. 20.—At 1 o'clock today Kingsley Powell, Simon O'Guinn, Joe. King, Bob Donnelson and Eda Moore, negros, were hanged in the jail yard for complicity in a riot which occurred at this place in August last at a camp-meeting, in which a young white man named James Harvard was set upon by the mob, and after being shot by one of the men, was beaten almost to a jelley by the others. The woman raised the first howl which excited the mob to the desperate work. No attempt was made to rescue them, and not more than 50 negros, from whom violence was expected, were in to-day. A detachment of military from Macon was present.

A Grab for $4,000.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 20.—Yesterday G Seidenspinner, a butcher at the southeast corner of Clark and Harriet streets, sold his property to the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis Railroad Company, receiving in payment a check for $4 000. About half past seven o'clock last evening three young men entered the shop and asked Seiden-pinner to change a $5 bill. The butcher got out his pocket-book, containing the check and between $50 and $60, which one of the men grabbed, and all ran out and made their escape. The loser left a description of the thieves at the Central Station.

THE LAND LEAGUE.

Emphatic Denial of the Sensational Charges of Misappropriation of Funds.

DUBLIN, Oct. 21.—This city was to-day thrown into a state of almost unparalleled political excitement by a letter printed conspicuously in the Irish Times and referred to editorially in a way suggesting that the editor had satisfied himself of the truth of the statements in the letter.

This letter positively accuses the Parnell Parliamentary party of having without warrant used £98,000 of the Land League funds for their own private purposes, and circumstantially alleges that Parnell and his party, after having got through with this tremendous misappropriation of funds, collected from the poor Irish all over the world for another purpose, by collusion with the members of the Land League, attempted to hush the matter up by dissolving the Land League without any accounting of its funds. The Times denounces the act as one of the greatest pieces of political villainy ever perpetrated in modern times, and does not hesitate to suggest the suspicion that the Parliamentary party really ran the Land League as a false pretence under which to collect money which they never could have obtained if it had been solicited for the purely political purposes for which it was really sought and used.

The Times concludes by hinting that if the Land League managers be ever compelled to account for these funds, an exposure will result which will show that the villainy of the Parliamentary party is even worse than here suggested.

The Daily Express, referring to the charges, says that no explanations or answers have been yet made by Mr. Parnell or his colleagues, to these assertions, although every effort has been made by their friends to secure from them some statement. The Express says that the impression made upon the people by the charges, and by the absence of denials, is very bad, and is growing hourly worse; and that the minds of the people are becoming thoroughly poisoned against Parnell and his party, and that unless some reaction is at once secured the downfall of Parnell and the Parliamentary party in Ireland is inevitable.

DUBLIN, Oct 23.—The Connaught Telegraph says: "We are glad that Egan has resigned control of the money-bags, and it is to be hoped the new League will see the necessity of keeping the Treasury on Irish soil in future."

LONDON, Oct 23.—An anonymous communication appeared in the Irish Times last week in which it was asserted by the writer, who pretended to base his conclusions on the examination of the financial statements of the Ladies' Land League, as they appeared from time to time in Dublin papers, and a comparison of the same with Egan's statement to the late National conference, that there was an underesti mate by Egan of the receipts for the general fund of the Land League of £35,986, and an overestimate of the legitimate expenditures by £71,264, which were unaccounted for. Justin McCarthy, M. P. and Michael Davitt, trustees of the Land League fund, and McCarthy, jr., acting as his father's Secretary, have been interviewed. They decare from personal knowledge that the allegations are utterly unfounded and a rehash of the charges circulating among the landlord party ever since the Land League was organized. All three gentlemen point to the fact that the nom de plume "One who Knows," by which the communication is signed, is one used by Arnold Forster in a pamphlet attack on the League, which, like this one, was first sent to those organs in Ireland favorable to landlordism.

Davitt besides scouting the charges as false, entered into explanations with regard to certain paragraphs of the communication. In regard to the accusation in the letter that Egan, though taking credit for relief, etc, affords through the Ladies' Land League, did not give any account of the money he received through it, Davitt explains that he simply because Egan did not receive anything from that source; that every sixpence collected by the ladies was expended by the ladies; and they, moreover, since March last have drawn upon Egan for £50,000. The Ladies' League is at present preparing a balance sheet entirely independent of Egan, which will demonstrate these facts with reference to the drafts of the Ladies' League on Egan. Davis states that when Parnell met him on his liberation they had a conversation, in which Parnell spoke of the Ladies' League being somewhat profuse in expenditure. In regard to the charge in the letter that Parnell has stated that the expenses of organization never exceeded £150 weekly, neither McCarthy nor Davitt remembers any such utterance by Parnell. Davitt declares that at the time of the greatest activity of the League what with printing and widespread county organization the expenses must have been double at all points. He says the publication of the letter in the Irish Times

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Home Talks.

A letter that came to us awile ago, written in the security of a happy, peaceful home, expressed wonder rising to astonishment that so many girls and women could be found ready to enter a life of dishonor, leading ultimately to woe unutterable. "It seemed," the letter said, "as if there must be a growing disposition to indulge in evil unknown in earlier days, especially in large Cities, or how could this great army of prostitutes be kept filled?" For the benefit of the writer, secure in the loving care which has always surrounded her, and for others who cannot understand why so many fair young girls go to ruin we reproduce a part of an article from the Chicago *Herald* upon the subject, which may give an idea of some of the influences at work to bring about this sad state of things. It may also cause some of those who may have become dissatisfied with their country homes to pause awhile and be sure of *what* they do ere they enter the Cities in which the market for woman's labor is already so crowded. The writer is referring to the great mass of girls who are trying to earn their living in these places. The article, or what we quote of it, will give the HOUSEHOLD food for thought. Speaking of the fall of these women it says:

The prime cause is poverty. Overwork and under pay are the principal and active agents in female dishonor; the love of pleasure and unrestrained lust must assume secondary positions. Thousands will read this article with incredulity born of ignorance and neglect of the subject, but it is nevertheless an established fact, and one which will meet the investigator at every turn, that the insufficiency of female wages sends more young girls into houses of ill fame, or upon the pave as street-walkers, than any other cause which can be named. Those who have followed up the careers of girls who have graduated from orphan asylums and other charitable institutions have found that fully 66 per cent. drift into houses of prostitution. They go from these institutions into families as housemaids, nurse girls, housekeepers, etc. They are without friends or any restraining influences, and thus become the natural prey of the seducer. They yield to his blandishments through an envious love of fine dress, which through their dishonor they perceive they can gratify. The low wages and the lack of parental care in these cases are the cause.

But if the girl closely confined in up town residences by housework gives up her honor thus easily, what barrier for her virtue has the girl or woman who is compelled to pass the day in the heart of the city frequented by women of loose morals? What protection, what sustaining influence have the great mass of girls and women, who for a miserable pittance spend 10, 12 and 14 hours a day behind the counters of the great stores on State street, or slave from daylight to darkness in huge printing offices, binderies, shirt and dress making shops, hat and bonnet stores, tailor shops and the like? What is there to restrain the girl who stands all day behind the counters of any of the large dry goods stores of State street and sells to the brazen women of the town the silks, the satins, the furs, the ribbons and all the frippery which goes to make up the desires of the female heart? Can she be blamed if her resolution wavers, and if to obtain the coveted finery and escape from the drudgery of her present existence she turns and takes to the street?

Is it to be wondered at that some of these girls who are working for $5, $4, $5 or $6 per week suidenly astonish their companions by appearing in dresses and finery which could not be purchased for thrice the sum they could possibly receive for a week's salary? And is it remarkable that their companions, envious of the finery of the others, inquire the secret of their apparent prosperity, and one after the other follow in their footsteps? Reason and common sense will reply to each of these questions with an emphatic "no!"

One of the commonest and still most pathetic street sights is seen at 6 o'clock, when these great establishments pour forth their hordes of female employes. The girls trooping home in squads will suddenly encounter a handsomely dressed young woman, and as she passes they will turn in envying admiration, and in more than one face will be seen looks which indicate plainly the thoughts and desires that are going on within the gazer's breast. A thin, pale girl wraps her scanty shawl about her and turns to look at the woman of the town rustling by in her stiff silks, and a sigh will escape the bloodless lips and the hot tears will trickle down the pallid cheeks as she thinks of the three or four lonesome silver dollars jingling in her pocket and the well filled purse of the other. The shop girl is beset by more temptations than any other class of female workers. She is generally of that age when the love of dress and the restraints of home are beginning to bear the heaviest upon her; that age when the love of pleasure is her greatest ambition, and anything like restraint upon her is quickly resented. She spends ten hours a day behind the counter of a down-town dry goods store. In this place work two or three hundred women, and, as in a like number of men, there is always a few black sheep, girls who have not gone wholly to the bad, but, being friendless here and looking for a small salary, find that the wages paid them are not sufficient or rent becomes due, to pass two or three nights upon the street, and thereby earn the needed cash. These girls are at first looked upon with scorn by their fellow workers, but as the burdens of the latter grow heavier and the dresses of the former grow finer, there mingles with the scorn a feeling akin to envy. In time some of the weaker or more needy come to regard their soiled sisters as more lucky than impure, and turn the step from virtue to dishonor in a short one. They are surrounded by an atmosphere of lewdness, and every thing is against them in the battle. Their male companions behind the counter or in the workshop are usually loose or careless in their morals, and by taking liberties, throwing out alluring hints and insinuating hints, they urge the girls on to their living suicide. Then, too, many of their customers are inmates of houses of prostitution, and the girls are thrown almost constantly in the company of lewd women, and thus acquire a natural envy of the other life and a detestation of the present one. These reasons, together with the miserable wages and lack of restraint all combine against the girls. In this way the church-going merchants are often the direct causes of the apparently unceasing supply of prostitutes which fill our City streets. If only one girl out of every store and workshop discarded her virtue every year, the result would be to fill every house of prostitution in the city to overflowing, and what statistician can say that the average quota from this source is as low as that?—ED.

Fancy Work and House Decorations.

Quilts.—The old patchwork quilt, which our grandmothers used to delight in, which used up the odds and ends of calico and muslin, and upon which a wonderful amount of ingenuity was expended, has now gone completely out of style for an outside covering for the bed. So, too, with the Marseilles spreads of snowy whiteness, which were considered the hight of style. In their places now are lace coverings over colored linings, or cream colored cheesecloth with outline embroidery and antique insertings, such as the BLADE has described. Of course there are much more expensive ones of satin bordered with plush, or of damasks handsomely embroidered.

Of a cheaper style, and one very effective if done with taste, is the following: Take squares of fine unbleached muslin, all of the same size, and that may be a matter of taste, and arrange upon them odds and ends of silks and ribbons, plush and velvet. Fasten these on with long stitches, then join them together by some fancy stitch with gold colored or scarlet silk. When the squares are finished they may be sewed with fancy stitches upon a large square of cheese cloth the size of the spread desired, or put together with antique insertion. In either case the result is a very pretty covering at small expense.

Sofa Pillow.—Get a square of black and white foulard silk which is soft and pleasant to the touch. The silk may be either striped or checked in large squares. If striped work the black with gay colored silks in any showy pattern that accords with the width to be covered. If the plaid is used work set patterns in every other square of either the black or the white. Light blue is pretty upon the white, and scarlet upon the black, or bronze. A good deal of taste can be exercised in choosing the pattern of foulard and very quaint effects produced. The pillow may be lined with any solid bright color of soft material.

Pretty and Useful Stools.—Get a small box with a cover. Fasten the top on with strips of leather to act as hinges. Have castors put upon the bottom so that it will roll easily. Line the inside with plain white paper muslin. Cushion the top with a number of thicknesses of an old quilt. Cover it with a pretty cretonne of colors to correspond with the furniture of the room, bringing it over the edge and tacking it inside, except upon the back which must be allowed to run down to the bottom of the box and be tacked there. Then cover the sides of the box with the cretonne, fastening it down the edges with fancy nails. Around the upper edge fasten a row of wide fringe or antique lace so that it will look like the finish of the top when the lid is down. It is a most convenient receptacle of little articles when bureau room is wanting.—ED.

Antique Lace.—Cast on 17 stitches: knit across plain. 1st row, s 1, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 3, o, n, o t, n, o t, n, o t, n; 2d row, s 1, k 1, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 6, p 1, k 2; 3d row, s 1, k 1, o, n, k 1, o, n, k 2, o, n, k 9; 4th row, cast off 3, k 6, p 1, k 6, p 1, k 2; 5th row, s 1, k 1, o, n, k 2, o, n, k 1, o, n, o t, n, o t, n, o t, n; 6 h row, s 1, k 1, p 1, k 2 p 1 k 2, p 1, k 1 p 1, k 6, p 1, k 2; 7th row, s 1, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 9; 8th row, c o 3, k 6, p 1, k 6, p 1, k 2; 9th row, s 1, k 1, o, n, k 1, o, n, k 2, o, n, o t, n, ot, n, o t, n; 10th row, s 1, k 1, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 6, p 1, k 2; 11th row, s 1, k 1, o, n, k 2, o, n, k 1, o, n, k 9; 12th row, c o 3, k 6, p 1, k 6, p 1, k 2. Repeat from 1st row.

S means slip; k, knit; o, over; n, narrow; p, purl; c o, cast off; o t, over twice.—MARY.

Correspondence.

WINDOW GARDENING.—Can one conceive of anything more beautiful than a well kept window garden in Winter? It adds to the beauty and attractions of home, and fills in the "aching void" that is found in every household that is not brightened by the well tended flowers. As a rule, women are fond of flowers, and this fondness is never shown to greater advantage than in their care of house plants. Although she may be fond of them while they are growing in the ground in the Summer; yet when Winter comes, the passion that has lain in a semi-dormant state bursts forth into renewed life, and it is pleasant to see the care she takes of her delicate pets, that they may cheer her with their "silent whisperings of love" during the dreary Winter months. But to master how much a woman may love plants and flowers, it will be wasted like sweetness on the desert air if she knows not how to properly cultivate them and prepare them for Winter blooming.

To offer a few suggestions to this class of persons is the purpose of this article; also, to instruct those who would do better if they knew how. By a little variation to each, they can be made adaptable. It is not for persons who have conservatories that these directions are intended, as they have no need of them, but for the housewife, who has nothing but a common bay window in which to display her flowers.

I will begin with bay windows. The first thing required in a window garden is good soil—that described for roses is just the thing. It must be rich and strong, but must be porous and free from litter. Bay windows, as a rule, are built in the form of a half hexagon—three sides—and have, or should have, a southern exposure, and should be at least nine feet high inside. Have a platform of inch pine boards, planed, made to fit inside your bay window, measuring from a foot inside the front. This will make the platform just a foot less than the depth of the bay window.

If the glass extends to within a foot and a half of the floor, have the platform put in 10 inches from the floor, and have sides of the same kinds of boards put on all around, in front and at the sides. By this time you should have a box shaped like this:

In putting in the box, or platform, have the back end a quarter of an inch lower than the front end. This difference will hardly be noticed and will secure proper drainage; or you can have the sides of the box made say eight inches in front and six at the back, which will leave the top level if the floor is put on the under side.

Now it is ready for the ground. But first in the back of the box bore a small hole and insert a piece of old pipe, and cover the top with a part of an old sleeve or wire netting, or anything that will answer the same purpose, and before the ground is put in get enough gravel or broken brick—gravel is the best—to cover the bottom of the box to the depth of two inches. Then fill in the soil which has been properly prepared, and your garden is ready for the plants.

In planting in this kind of a garden you must remember that the tallest plants must be planted nearest the room, if the bay window is one that is publicly exposed, and the finest effect is to be presented from the outside; if from the inside the best effect is secured, the reverse should be done. Gersaniums, Petunias, Roses, Begonias, Smilax, Carnations, Coleus, Cyclamen, Persicum, Heliotrope, and a vast variety of plants can be grown from the seed or the plants procured and planted; or if you have nice plants of your own so much the better. (In a later article I will treat of the plants—this article is solely on preparing the garden.)

Possibly some one has already exclaimed: "But I have no bay window; what good is all this to me?" Well, some have them, and now comes your turn to be served. Perhaps you have a south window? Then fill in the sill which has been properly prepared, and your garden is ready for the plants.

If these directions are properly put into execution under feminine oversight you will have a nice garden. You must be very careful that your ground does not get sour from too frequent watering, and only give it water once a week, very moderate, and then do so thoroly with a sprinkling can, having a bucket underneath to catch the surplus. Generally your south windows are in your sitting room or parlor, and you may desire some plants in your dining room, which may have a north window. Very well you may have some there. Do not look surprised at the idea of keeping plants in a north window, as lovely pansies will grow there, besides double daisies, violets, etc. You can either make a garden or put a bracket upon a level with the window sill, and others above in your north window. Of course any one can vary these directions to suit individual tastes and the means at hand.

I wish the readers of the BLADE would give their experiences, after giving my articles on flowers a fair trial, as to whether they hold out, and state in what they fail, if at all.—S. A. HAMILTON.

THE SICK CHILD.—I would say in answer to "Carrie Shaw"—if you have a weak, nervous child you have something hard to deal with. The child may not be in imminent danger, but one must exercise great judgment, decision, and, above all, patience in treating it.

My first advice would be to consult some good, reliable physician and find the cause of the difficulty. I should then endeavor to make home as pleasant as possible, so the child may be happy and not grow despondent. If the child is attending school, and is able to endure the necessary study, let it remain there, for, to remove, would only make it more painfully conscious of its weakness. Try to divert the mind as much as possible from self. Take plenty of outdoor exercise of such a character as will interest the mind. Give plenty of wholesome food—rare-done beefsteak, raw eggs and milk, are generally very good. Humor the child as much as possible, and do not treat it altogether as if it were a confirmed invalid. If very despondent a change of scene would probably be most beneficial.—HIANTHUS.

SYMPATHY.—"Mountain Lilly," how I pity you! Now if that husband of yours would hire you a good, stout girl, he would save enough in your doctor's bills to pay her with, to say nothing of the rest you could have, and you surely need it with seven babies. As for your husband's not having time for kisses, why that is unreasonable, for kind words with a few kisses interspersed, may be compared to a "Harp of a thousand strings" perfectly attuned, for comforting a tired little woman with so many to care for.

I, too, have been a farmer's wife for 15 years, and my living husband has never said "don't bother" if I wanted a kiss.

Women prize caresses from loved ones more than men do, or at least it looks that way to me. "Mountain Lily," try and be content with baby kisses.—A. F. M., Westerly, R. I.

DON'T WHINE.—Now "Clayton," what are you giving us? I confess I do not know whether your nonsense is meant for a joke or for a spiteful fling at husbands in general. In either case, I am not much in sympathy with you. If a joke, I must protest that your choice of a subject is a poor one; if serious, your position would be most untenable. Surely, you do not mean to assume that such sentiments as are hinted in your letter prevail to any extent. Such a position would be simply absurd. It would be more. It would be an insult to every true husband, to every right minded man. Come out "Clayton" and take some position, assert something. It is difficult to answer mere insinuations.

To "Good Templar" let me say, just keep cool. Don't be so impetuous. If the girl really loves you better than any one else she should surely tell you why she cannot be yours. If she is merely giving you "taffy" you ought to be able to discover the fact, if you use your judgment and keep a cool head. But, whatever comes of it, don't whine. If you cannot get the girl you want, prefer another. No one girl or woman is absolutely necessary to the happiness of any man. Some one has said that not one man in a thousand marries the woman he most loves.

It would be unworthy of a man to refuse to make a second choice simply because he could not secure the first. I have seen children get into a pet and refuse all consolation because a coveted object was denied them, but such conduct hardly becomes a man. It is nonsense to suppose a man must necessarily be miserable because he cannot possess the object of his first or even his most ardent affection. Happiness comes not so much from securing that which we covet as from being content with that which we secure. I can recall an instance where three young men were deeply in love with one young lady. One of these she married and the others married other girls and the successful rival was the least happy of the lot. I know a boy feels badly when he takes a fancy to a sweet little girl and his love is rejected. I know that it is terrible for a strong man to love and lose, but in neither case is there any valid reason for life long misery.—EQUITY.

SELF-SUPPORTING WOMEN.—"E. L. H." in her article of Sept. 19, asks the question, "If it is a fact that wives should be supported by their husbands why is it that so few are?" The answer to her question is simply this: Because women suffer this state of things to be, while the majority of women choose their earthly heritage in the realm occupied by the lower and middle classes, their husbands will enforce the debasement of the drudge in order to create the means to support the thousand and one institutions to impoverish and degrade women. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton are considered the leading representative women of our day, and they are supported by their husbands, and yet notwithstanding they have as much as they can do in their own way.

Perhaps I shall be met here with some thing we so often hear from the average pulpit orator—we are not raised up to that yet. Yes, that is it. The women of the lower and middle classes have not yet raised themselves, intellectually, morally and socially to that plane of human society now occupied by Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Garfield. If they were thus elevated, in most instances their husband would be just such representative men as Mr. Hayes and Mr. Garfield, though they never occupied the Presidential chair; and being such men in principle and character, they have the manliness to support their wives. This is what the women of the lower and the middle classes should stand for more than the ballot—i. e., a higher social system among themselves. If women gain the rights of suffrage it will be only those who are qualified by education, and association who will reap the honors and carry off the loaves and fishes, while all those who are not thus fitted will have to plod along in the old commonplace way of supporting themselves and an inefficient husband. Men claim that they support their wives and children, when the majority do not, and it is women's duty to see that they do, and I advocate their higher education and sons to fill this, their proper place in creation, as well as the best of men have done. If they would do this, that something called class would soon go among our exploded virtues and Christian loyalty would reign in all of our homes instead of among the few. The wives of our representative men or at least those whom our faiths and husbands cause for a matter, and throw up their hats for on election days, do not support themselves. Then let us see to it that we are not kept below them to be heavers of wood and drawers of water, but that we are brought up to the same social basis with them. The woman who has to do all the drudgery of the household and support herself, must of necessity deny the children her companionship as well as neglect the improvement of her mind. Single women have only themselves to support and care for, and they generally do this in a way that they make a nicer and decenter thing of their lives than the average married woman, and this speaks so plain against masculine superiority that men ought to feel ashamed of themselves.—MYRTA.

WHAT SHE WANTS.—Dear Brothers and Sisters! Just let me drop into the big easy chair, long enough to make my wants known, for I am so tired; tired of washing, scrubbing, skimming milk, and everything else that means housework. (How many farmers' wives echo the cry?) But then I am willing to do it. My betterhalf would keep help in the house all the time, if it took the last cent, if I said so. I don't have to work nearly so hard as some housewives in this way. But then one does get tired of doing the same thing every day, and longs for a change once in a while, but I don't believe in wives complaining unless they have real cause.

I think a careful, industrious wife, who confines her labors to the house and family, is, generally speaking, doing her share. I like to see husband and wife help each other, both in the house and out of doors, if it is necessary and they are able to. But there! I didn't come here to preach, so I will tell my wants and go.

I want recipes for cooking oat meal and barley, different ways, especially muffins and barley broth. Now I am rested, I will leave the easy chair for some one else. —BACKWOODS COUSIN.

TO MINERVA.—I was so much interested in your "Sketch from Life," in the last issue of the BLADE, that I feel like offering you my hearty approval for the advice you give, that is, to be "strictly honorable." Sometimes there is a great wrong done, thoughtlessly, no doubt, by not defining one's position. I call to mind one example which turned out much like what you speak of. One of the correspondents was writing just as a friend, while the other was corresponding with a view to matrimony. When it was too late there came the wail, "If I had known it before."

You think your sketch will seem trifling to some, but let me assure you that there are many who will sympathize with your sister as well as yourself. Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: it might have been."

It seems to me "Van Ellison" and "The Stepmothers" are getting more advice and abuse than they are able to stand. Please give them a rest, and give your opinion in regard to Secret Orders. I often wonder how many of the HOUSEHOLD belong to any secret order, or how many of the ladies are wives or sisters of Odd Fellows or Masons. I would like to have the opinion of some of the members in reference to joining secret societies. The editor is right in regard to women violating the rules of etiquet more than men. That is my opinion.—GINX.

REPLY TO "GINX" AND OTHERS.—I am now an old man. I do not remember who was the author of the dictionary in which I found that "fun" meant "vicious pleasure," nor do I know when it was published. I do not think it was as old as that edition of the Bible that read, "I Paul a rascal of Jesus Christ to you gentiles," or as far back as when a King of England rewarded for being "an accomplished villain." (See notes in Kirkham's Grammar.)

When writing for the BLADE I never once thought how the meaning of words changes. The old definition was impressed upon my mind by the circumstance related. Webster was not then the standard, nor perhaps thought of as a lexicographer. Probably Walker, or some one further back, was my authority.

It is likely provided that a mother should love her own child better than the child of another woman. Think of this, step-children, and try to be reasonable. I often think of Solomon, who called for a sword to divide the living child. I do not blame that young lady who does not wish a stepmother to displace her and live upon, and perhaps waste and use up, the property that belonged entirely to the children's own mother.

With Alex. McDonald's view of the Bible we must be Infidels or Mormons. I don't know which he wishes us to be. Of the two I would choose to be an Infidel. I think the HOUSEHOLD would be interested in a statement of my objection to his views. More of this soon.

The fact that animals exist in pairs in this world, some one claims, as proof positive, that so it must be in the spirit world, and, therefore, the Bible is false, because it says that, in the future state, "they neither marry nor are given in marriage." What need of sexes of spirits? Are there homes and houses and all the order of things that is here? Is the increase of spirit population the object of spirit sexes? Is it the reproduction of spirit existence needful because of the death or annihilation of spirits, that would depopulate spirit locality? O, fudge! What argument against the Bible!

The order of things here is wisely adopted to this state of existence. Love for my wife, daughter and son may be equally ardent. As love is not confined to any one of these relationships here, so, in the future, it may not depend upon any of them. The object of all this accommodated love being at an end, it may afford infinite delight, when so modified as to become an impartial love for all the pure and good in the spirit state.—L. S. BARKER, Pittsford, Mich.

SILK WORMS.—A great many are interested in the silk culture, therefore I will put in a few words. The greatest incentive to engage in silk culture is the knowledge that there is a home market for $15,000,000 worth of floss which American manufacturers are obliged to import from foreign lands. The other consideration is that silk culture furnishes women and children in the rural districts with an occupation that does not require constant attention and so will not interfere with household duties. Any one with sufficient land to grow a few mulberry trees can add the rearing of silk worms to the daily care and find it a source of pleasure and profit. If a supply of mulberry trees cannot be had an orange hedge will answer the purpose. Its leaf is admirable food for the worms. From which they spin splendid silk. The food must be gathered fresh every day hence you must have your trees growing before you get your eggs. Send for eggs in November or December having first obtained a manual and read all you can get hold of on the subject. Don't send for too many eggs at first, but try a few, and increase them as you gain experience.

There are now several markets in the United States where every egg and cocoon can be readily sold at remunerative prices. Especially recommending itself to the women of our country is the Women's Silk Culture Association, which was organized to create a home market for producers of silk, and which buys cocoons according to the value of the silk obtained from them. Premiums ranging from $10 to $100, and 10 numbers are offered to those who produce the 10 largest amounts of cocoons. Full particulars regarding these premiums and much useful information will be furnished any one who will apply to Miss S. Gibbons or Mrs. V. E. Haven, corresponding secretaries of the Association. Every dwelling house should have a silk room in it, and every woman and girl ought to earn at least $10 per month in this refining and agreeable occupation.—BRIDAL ROSE.

Inquiries.

Will "Coral" or some one send me a copy of the issue of the BLADE of August 5th, containing my article on "Lillies," as my copy miscarried in the mails, and I am very anxious to obtain one; will repay postage.—S. A. H., Paintersville, Mifflin Co., Pa.

Could any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me how to use ammonia in bread and cake, and what kind to use? I would like, also to ask if any of the friends can tell me any way of stuffing birds so they will stay nicely and be free from smell.—MRS. M. J. PETERSON, Cass City, Mich.

Will some of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD please send directions for a toilet set of cardboard, also directions for making newspaper holder? Will some one send recipe for marble and roll jelly cake, and greatly oblige.—WHITE PANSY.

Will some one of the many friends please tell me what will keep cider sweet through the Winter and not spoil the delicious taste; also a pattern for a silk quilt? I will send stamp to any one that will be kind enough to send it. Give address.—MRS. J. F. HIND, Princeton, N. J.

Can any of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD tell me through the HOUSEHOLD Department about the work of chambermaid when that is made her whole business, and what wages are generally paid; also, what are the duties, and after such work is done for the day is the remaining time her own?—WORKWOMAN.

Please publish in next number of BLADE the address of "Silver Lock," in THE HOUSEHOLD Department, and oblige one of the HOUSEHOLD readers.—J. W., Phillips P. O., Philada, Pa.

If "Silver Lock" had desired his name given in the BLADE he would have attached it to his article. Of course we would not give it if we had it, which now we have not, it being an exceedingly rare thing for us to preserve the address after the publication of the letter of the individuals.—ED.

I have several pieces of poetry valuable to me, which I wish to put in my scrapbook, but they are so discolored by age that they look unfit for the purpose. Does any one know of any substance that could be applied to them which would cleanse and brighten them without injury to the print?—SUBSCRIBER.

A recipe said to be very good for this purpose is the following: Fasten the paper to a board, then take a camel's hair brush and gently wash it over with water in which is dissolved an ounce of carbonate of ammonia to every pint. Rinse the paper well with clean water. Dry and repeat the operation on the reverse side. Then wet the paper with water in which is a little white vinegar. Finally wet it again with water in which is a little bleaching powder, and rinse with clear water, then dry it by exposing it to the air and sunshine. It will then be white except where printed. If you want to stiffen it, give it a coat of parchment size. Of course all of these operations must be conducted very carefully, in order not to tear the paper.—ED.

"Lilac," East Des Moines, Ia., please let me hear from you again, on the honey coiled. I tried the spiral with success by directions given by you in BLADE of April 8, 1880. Will be glad to have directions for making slipper case, for watch. Give kinds of materials to be used in making. Will any of the readers give directions for knitting a chair tidy with cat, dog, bird, or vine and leaves on center?—JESSE VAN BIBLER, Tampico, Whitesides Co., Ill.

Can of the readers of the BLADE give a cure for sore eyelids where they are granulated and have been so for a number of years? Tried the quinine cure given in the BLADE a short time ago but it did no permanent good.—MRS. J.

Letters are here awaiting address of "Silver Locks," "Loyal Daughter," "Bridal Rose," "Maria," "Invalid Girl" and "Old Bach."—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Some one asks how to study at home without a teacher. The Society to Encourage Studies at Home has its headquarters at No. 9, Park street, in Boston. The terms of Membership are $3 per year, and the program of studies includes a liberal range of history, science, art and German, French and English literature. Send there for a prospectus, which will give you all the information that you desire.

"To Sunflower:" A very good remedy for dandruff is said to be as follows: Put an oz of sulphur into 1 quart of water and let it stand for several hours, occasionally agitating the water. Then pour off the clear water and wash the head with it every morning. Be careful to dry the hair thoroughly before arranging it, to avoid taking cold.—ED.

Recipes.

Moonshine—This dessert is nice and is a convenient substitute for ice cream. Beat the whites of 6 eggs to a very stiff froth, then add gradually 5 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, beating for not less than 30 minutes; then beat in one heaping tablespoonful of preserved peaches cut in tiny bits (or some use 1 cup jelly.) In serving pour into each saucer some rich cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla, and on the cream place a liberal portion of the moonshine. This quantity is sufficient for 8 or 9 persons.

Orange Float.—One qt. water, the juice and pulp of two lemons, one coffee cup of sugar; when boiling add 4 tablespoonfuls corn starch. Let boil 15 mins., stirring all the time. When cold, pour over 4 or 5 oranges, and and over the top spread the beaten whites of 3 eggs, sweeten, and add a few drops of vanilla.—PRINCETON.

To Kill Bedbugs.—Some one wanted to know what will effectually kill or drive away bedbugs. A couple of years after our marriage my husband rented a farm. His mother told me she pitied me, as the house had been overrun with bedbugs for many years. To be forewarned was to be forearmed. I had learned that boiling hot water faithfully applied would kill where there were a few, but feared it alone would not avail where eight layers of paper covered the walls. We filled the boiler with water, put into it a sack with a peck of ashes, built a good fire and went to tearing off paper; having two kettles of clear water heating also. When the paper was off, the lye boiling, we thoroly saturated the walls with it, then scalded thoroly with clean boiling water, not hot water or ley, but boiling; and when dry, papered. For several years no bed bugs were found in the house, in fact, not till a family moved in whose goods had them in nice lot order. I have never had any in whatever house I have lived since.—WINNIE KEENE.

Cure for Dyspepsia.—If "W. S. Hester," who inquired for a cure for chronic dyspepsia will try the following it may be of benefit to him. It cured a friend of mine when several physicians failed in doing so: Take one teaspoonful of pulverized black root and the same of bitter root; put in a coffee cup and pour boiling water over them till the cup is full; cover and set aside for two hours. Put a desertspoonful of boneset in a coffee cup and fill with boiling water, at the end of two hours strain and add the liquor to that of the black and bitter root. Take a desertspoonful of the mixture before each meal.—L. S.

For Pickling Green Peppers Stuffed with Cabbage.—Take the green pepper pods, open them at the square end, but leave a rim on. Take the inside out clean, put them in weak brine from two to five days; cut up some good cabbage very fine; mix with mustard (the seed is used) to suit the taste. Stuff the pods very tight with it, close with a cabbage leaf fastened under the rim; put them in good vinegar in an air tight glass jar and they will keep for two years.—H. E. MARQUARDT.

A SILVER CRAZE.

Woodford County, Ill., Wild Over the Discovery of Silver Ore.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Oct. 12.—There is great excitement in the little town of Secor, in Woodford County, near El Paso, and about 20 miles from Bloomington, over the discovery of a high grade of silver ore in the bed of Panther Creek, a small branch of Mackinaw River, which flows among rugged hills and precipitous bluffs. About one mile from Secor, on the farm of Dr. Tribbey, a prominent citizen, one evening recently a stranger was discovered wading in the stream, carrying a dark lantern, and apparently searching for something. On finding that he was watched, he left the stream and disappeared in the woods. Suspicion being aroused, the stream was watched, and soon Dr. Tribbey had the satisfaction of catching the stranger again in the stream with a lantern, but as the creek was much higher than usual the exact spot of his search could not be located. The stranger, on being crossquestioned, stated that he had discovered in the bed of the stream quantities of very rich silver ore, and had been at work for some weeks developing the discovery. He produced evidence that he had taken from the bed of the stream not less than 500 pounds of very rich grade, one sample of which he had assayed in Chicago and St. Louis, and had found to be from 60 to 70 per cent. pure silver, mingled with copper. On finding from legal consultation that he could not hold the claim by the law of Illinois, he offered to compromise with the owner of the land for an interest in the deposit, and negotiations to that end are pending. Dr. Tribbey has a number of fine specimens of the ore on exhibition, and intends, as soon as the freshet is over, to divert the stream from its bed and begin operations at once.

The discovery, which was made public yesterday, has set the whole neighborhood wild, and the whole community has turned out to prospect, and excitement and enthusiasm run high. A fact of great interest in connection with this discovery is that some years ago, in the sands of Panther Creek, were found the remains of pans, shovels, picks and sieves, indicating that at an early day mining of some kind had been carried. Twenty miles away, in the barren hills on the Mackinaw, near Atlanta, Logan County, for several years placer mining for gold has been carried on at a profit, and at various other points on the stream valuable minerals have been found in small quantities.

The Fiendish Chicago Inspector.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—The attention of the Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels was called to-day to a dispatch from Chicago, stating that the three deaths from drowning which occurred there last Sunday afternoon were the "result of the strange ruling of the Supervising Inspectors of Steamboats that tugs must not, under penalty of $500 for each person carried, take any passengers on board." The Supervising Inspector General says: "No regulation was ever made by the Department, or by the Supervising Inspectors, which could be tortured into a prohibition of the saving by tugs of the lives of drowning people. It is true a penalty of $500 attaches to any steam vessel which carries passengers without the equipments required by the statute, but to construe this as a prohibition of life-saving, is to construe it into malice and use such construction as fiendish means of forcing a change in the law."

That "Missing Bullet."

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—The Star has the following: "It was mentioned in the Star Saturday that a piece of lead was found at the foot of the heater on the west side of the main saloon of the B. & P. depot, which was claimed to have been one of the balls fired by Guiteau. Mr. Kingsley, the finder, looked upon it as a prize, but being beset by parties to examine it, permitted it to be placed in the news stand on exhibition. In the course of the day it was carried off—it is supposed by an Ohio man, who had been very anxious to get possession of it. It has since transpired that the lead is not a bullet nor a piece of one, but had done duty as one of the lead seals used by the Adams Express Company, which some mischievous party had placed in the cavity of the heater."

Mother Edson Asked to Specify.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—Judge Lawrence, President of the Board to Audit Claims against the Garfield estate, received the claim of Mrs. Dr. Susan Edson for services rendered. She said in her application that her services had resulted in great physical prostration which rendered it impossible for her to resume her practice, but she did not state specifically what she had done to merit a reward like $10,000, so Judge Lawrence sent her claim back for specification in accordance with law.

John D. Defrees Dead.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 17.—A ditpatch to the News announces the death of Hon. John D. Defrees, late Public Printer, at Berkley Springs, Va., this morning.

Flies and Bugs.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice' gophers, chipmonks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Our Young Folks.

A SCHOLAR.

"Yes, I am five years old to-day!
Last week I put my dolls away;
For it was time, I'm sure you'll say,
To school, and learn to read and spell;—
And I am doing very well;—
Perhaps you'd like to hear me tell
How many things I know.

"Well, if you'll take a look—
Yes, this is it—the last I took,
Here in my pretty picture-book,
Just near the purple cover;—
Now listen—Here are one, two, three
Wee little letters, don't you see?—
Their names are D and O and G;
They spell—now guess!—*Old Rover!*"

—*St. Nicholas.*

A SQUIRREL SONG.

Little squirrels, crack your nuts;
Chip your busy tune;
Sound your merry rut-a-tuts—
Boys are coming soon!
Hide to-day, and pile to-day,
Hoard a goodly store;
When the boys are gone away,
You may find no more.
Hear you not their merry shout,
Sorg, and happy laughter?
Sure as lesping, boys are out!
Girls are coming after.
Hide and pile, then, while you may,
Hoard a goodly store:
If the children come this way,
You may find no more.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE KING'S BUSINESS.

BY ERSKINE HAMILTON.

Slowly and aimlessly out of the Village wandered poor, half-witted Nat that pleasant Summer afternoon. He had no particular destination, "only goin' somewhere" his reply always to any question in regard to his movements. During the morning he had been parading the Village street, his hat trimmed luxuriantly with feathers, while he sounded forth his own praise through the medium of a tin horn. Of course he attracted attention. A small army of urchins had surrounded him, front and rear, and he had taken their shouts and teasing remarks for applause and admiration. But now his grandeur was gone. One by one his followers had forsaken him, until at last he was "left alone in his glory," and with poor Nat, like the rest of us, what does glory amount to when there are none to witness?

And so he moved onward in his drifting, uncertain way across the creek at the edge of the Village, up the hill, until his stairwart form stood out against the sky—for Nat was strong in body though weak in mind; then he passed down on the other side to the road that ended in a forest which stretched for miles away. It was here quiet and lonely, but Nat fancied this. He occasionally liked to escape from human voices and human habitations, to get away by himself and talk with the birds, the trees and flowers. Here in the wood the wild vagaries of his brain found full play. Here no one disputed his claims to greatness, no one denied his being a noted General, a gifted orator or musician, when the fancy seized him to be such. In fact Nat always had "greatness thrust upon him;" he was never an ordinary man in his own estimation, and was not now.

But on this occasion a new fancy had taken possession of him—he was on business for the King. What King, or what was the particular business he did not precisely know, but he had derived his idea from various sermons he had heard at the Village church and Sunday School, when he attended with scrupulous punctuality through all weathers, and although he understood but little of the proceedings, yet chance sentences had fastened themselves on his sluggish brain.

"I'm on business for the King," he muttered, reaching up his great strong hand and wrenching a huge overhanging branch from its place and speedily converting it into a walking stick. "Yes, I'm on business for the King, the King of all around here, the birds, the trees, the flowers and the bumble-bees. He sent me, He did. Parson said so t'other Sunday. He said the King sent out his messengers to do his work. He sent out 12 on 'em once't, an' they wasn't to take no money in their purse nor nothin' to eat. Guess He sent me, 'cause I hain't got no money au' hain't had nothin' to eat all day."

He strode onward, murmuring his thoughts as he went, and after a time he came upon a public road which ran through the wood. A placard fastened to a tree by the road attracted his attention, and he paused to consider it. He could not read, but as his eyes were fixed upon the printed characters the tinkle of a cow bell was heard down the road, and presently a cow came into view, followed by the short, sturdy figure and round, freckled face of Tommy Brock. Tommy was flourishing a large stick and shouting at the cow in his efforts to keep her in a proper homeward direction. As he came up he exclaimed:

"Hello, Nat! What are you doin' here?"

"I'm on business for the King," replied Nat with dignity.

"On business for—who?" asked Tommy in surprise.

"For the King. He sent me," said Nat again, "That's his orders there, I take it," pointing to the placard. "What is it, Tommy?"

"That? Why that's only an advertisement," answered Tommy, his eyes opening wider in his astonishment. "It says, 'Go to Tracy's Half-Way House for a square meal.'"

"Yes, I know'd it! I know'd it!" exclaimed Nat exultingly. "The King said take no money nor nothin' to eat, an' He'd take keer of me. He says 'Go,' an I'll obey orders," and instantly his tall figure was traveling swiftly down the road.

Tommy gazed after him a minute in bewildered silence, and then exclaimed emphatically as he turned away:

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with business letters. The full name and address of the writer in all cases accompany the communication.

Sales From Chestnut Grove Farm

WRITE FOR YOUR PAPER.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I heartily coincide with G. C. in the Blade Farm of Aug. 24. If its readers will only take hold of the matter I believe the Farm may become (to us) the most interesting part of the paper. I always thought that whether a paper was politically agricultural, or devoted to whatever else it might be, its correspondence branch of the most interesting and general one of its most interesting features. I very much prefer reading an article prepared expressly for the journal in which it appears, rather than a "clipping" from some other. Now, brother farmers, our family is a large one. Only think, the Blade has a circulation of 100,000 copies. A very large number of its subscribers are farmers. I know that the haying and harvesting are now being over, we have a little more leisure, the evenings too are getting longer, and present a good opportunity for writing out our thoughts and ideas; therefore, let us one and all take hold of this matter and make it a leading feature, and by thus doing we will gain considerable information.

POULTRY AND BEE KEEPING.

"Maria" wants to know of something she can do. If she has a little land, and likes it for the occupation, there is no reason why she may not make something of poultry and bee keeping or, either alone. Large incomes have been, and are now being made at each kind of business, and either occupation is adapted to women. There is a fascination in bee-keeping that I do not find in the poultry, but both are interesting, lucrative, and, if rightly conducted, profitable.

RIDDING A DOG OF FLEAS.

I recently saw in an agricultural paper a remedy asked for to rid a dog of fleas. I would say that my remedy would be to cut his tail off just back of his ears. I consider this the best remedy, and if I had a dog I should try the cure on him, no matter whether he had fleas or not. There are far too many dogs in the country, and somehow a large share of them ought to be disposed of; then sheep raising could be pursued with a greater degree of profit.

BREEDING AND IMPROVING THE PASTURES.

Those farmers who have a pasture that is too stony to plow, but yet needs renewing and improving, may sow on grass seed and some fertilizer, and give it a good harrowing with very good results; at least I have found considerable improvement in my pasture by this treatment, and intend to give the remainder the same treatment.

CARE OF APPLES.

After gathering the apples they should not be immediately carried to the cellar, but kept in as cool a place as can be, with air flowing. A shed is a good place to keep them in, until really cool weather comes, when they may be put in the cellar; but still keep them as cool as can safely be done without chilling. If a large parcel of cider be desired the apples should be good, clean, and sound; and clean ness must be observed in all the operations of cider making; but do not make it only enough to keep a good supply of vinegar on hand better feed the apples to your cows, because you will thus receive more benefit from them. The family supply of dried apples should now be prepared and carefully tied up in paper sacks. Old flour sacks, if tight, make an admirable purpose.

SETTING FRUIT TREES.

A farmer may as well raise his own trees as buy them. Wash out some of the seed from the pomace, dry, and keep in a cool place until Spring, when they may be sown in drills two and a half or three feet apart, and when of the proper size graft them. I have some young trees in my orchard of my own raising, and the whole operation of growing them is a source of considerable satisfaction to myself, and they are nearly all growing finely, having been well cared for. In my own healthy trees do as well set in the Fall as in Spring. The land should be well prepared, by the thorough use of the plow and harrow; and if subsoiled, so much the better. The distance to plant will depend somewhat on the variation say from 20 to 30 feet. Some of my own nurseries are set 18 feet apart, but the most of the orchard is set 33 by 40 feet, but I believe if I were to set another I should set the trees 40 by 40.—F. H. D

A Few Good Potatoes and Only Early Varieties.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

The Beauty of Hebron comes as near filling the bill as a first-class early potato as anything I have tried. It is very early, of the very best quality, and on good soil immensely productive, outyielding any other early variety and excelled by but few of the late sorts. I should be pleased quite this, one good spot in a hill, as I have a large number of sorts to plant.

The Chicago Market and Clark's No. 1 are two new sorts, looking much alike and much like the Early Rose. Both are worthy of a trial. They are of somewhat quicker growth than Beauty of Hebron, and on light soil may outyield it, but have not done so with me yet. Iowa Beauty is the earliest potato I have grown and is of superb quality, but not productive with me except on very rich soil. Vines very dwarf.

Pride of America is an early sort, though not first early. Does not differ materially from Snowflake, which latter is too well known to need comment. It is among the best and handsomest table potatoes in cultivation and moderately productive.

LATE VARIETIES.

Mammoth Pearl heads the list for size and productiveness; grown on ordinary farm land by the acre, without any manure. I selected from 1½ bushels 30 tubers that weighed 30 pounds; quality nearly first rate. I think from one season's trial the best of the very large sorts.

Dunmore is another large, white variety much like the Mammoth Pearl. It has been my greatest yielder for many years. It is rarely surpassed, if at all, by Mammoth Pearl. Burbank seedling (of Early Rose) is a long, white potato of excellent quality and a heavy cropper. It is one of the healthiest and most vigorous growers I have ever grown. It takes the place of Late Rose wherever introduced. If I kept but one late variety I think it would be Burbank.

The Victor is one of the very large varieties, rivaling Mammoth Pearl. In fact, so far as I can see, it differs from the latter only in color, being a dark purple Blue. A fine show potato.

The Belle is another large sort but of a different class altogether, having decided Peach blow characteristics. It originated in Pennsylvania. When grown on rather light soil it is handsome and good, but on rich soil it grows somewhat rough. The quality of this potato is equal to the Peach blow at its best.—H.

Bots in Horses.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I have taken quite an interest in reading, in the Blade's "Farm" column, those doctors giving their views. I would like to make a few remarks in regard to F. E.'s cure for bots in horses. Does F. E. think that a horse is ever sick with bots, or that the bot is the first cause? I don't think that he does. If he understands the nature of bots he will have to admit that the bot is part of the horse. That the horse could not live without them and that nature's remedy is all that a horse needs to take all unnecessary bots away. He will have to admit that when a horse is taken sick with any disease the bot is sick also and will sometimes gnaw in the stomach; at other times will gather in a bunch as tight as they can. He will find them in some such way when a horse dies, but my opinion is that bots never killed a horse, but I think that many a good horse has been killed by medicine given to kill bots. We see men turn up a horse's upper lip to see whether he has the bots. They will say that the horse has the bots.

I would like to ask through the Blade how the bots got there. It reminds me of the old saying that a horse has the lampers because he rubs the hair off his tail. What effect does the lampers have on his tail.—A. Widrig?

Wants a Remedy.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

My horse has a breaking-out on his breast and neck, and rubs his tail and mane. Please tell through the Blade the cause and a cure. The horse is five years old, and a fine, large horse. If he did not rub would bring $200. Sometimes he rubs his sides.—S. L. Haas, Utica, Licking County O.

Dairy Cows.

In this business the dairyman requires a cow that is a copious milker, and one that produces milk rather than cream. Rich milk is not required, that is, milk rich with fat. It must necessarily contain a normal quantity of fat, the 3½ or 4 per cent. without which milk is deficient in the nutritive ratio, and contains a larger proportion of albuminoids as compared with carbohydrates, to be a perfectly well-balanced, wholesome and nutritious food. But this fat must not be so completely mingled with the caseous solution; must exist in such minute and even-sized globules and must form so perfect and staple an emulsion that it will not separate for some hours, so that it may reach the consumer as pure milk, and not as milk which has parted from its cream. Market milk must contain a large quantity of solids. The water must not exceed a certain proportion or the flavor is defective, and also its nutritive quality. The following analyses are typical of the different kinds of milk mentioned. One hundred cubit centimeters were taken:

COMPOSITION OF AVERAGE COUNTRY MILK.

	Grams.		Grams.
Water	90.00	Milk sugar	4 76
Fat	3.50	Ash, saline matter	0 73
Caseine	5.16		
Total			103.90
Specific gravity, 1.030.			

COMPOSITION OF TOWN-FED MILK (DRY FEED DAIRY).

	Grams.		Grams.
Water	88.43	Milk sugar	4 43
Fat	4.15	Ash, saline matter	0 76
Caseine	5.16		
Total			108.90
Specific gravity, 1.030.			

The cow for a milk dairy must be such a one or of such a breed—for breeds differ very much in this respect—as will produce such milk as that above described. To show the difference between breeds in this respect, the following analysis of six different samples of milk may be compared:

	Guernsey.	Jersey.	Ayrshire.	Short Horn Grade.	Dutch.	Native.
Water	85.99	85.88	88.05	87.43	89.97	90.03
Fat	5.62	5.64	4.01	3.29	1.97	2.49
Caseine	3.20	3.44	4.45	4.27	2.90	2.70
Milk sugar	4.67	4.45	4.11	4.13	4.52	4.10
Ash	.71	.69	.78	.93	.84	.71
	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.03
Pr Grade	1.092	1.077	1.052	1.020	1.035	1.033

In examining this table the Jersey and Guernsey milk is perceived to be more than twice as rich in butter as that of the Shorthorn cow, and as the fat of butter has a specific gravity of 0 9, water being 1, the specific gravity of these very rich milks, containing as they did a pound of butter to a little more than seven quarts of milk was very low as compared with the other samples. As this is the rule with these breeds, a dairyman would not only lose money by selling cream for milk, but he would suffer the unreserved odium of selling very poor milk and be probably punished as a criminal where he to stock his dairy with either of these breeds. The milk of the Ayrshire and Short-horn were especially rich in casein; the former was rich in fat, and the latter fairly well supplied with it; the same matters were well supplied. The specific gravity was high, and would pass muster with the inspector armed with his deceptive lactometer as excellent milk, as in fact it is. But the Dutch cow's milk has little caseine and less fat, a very poor milk in fact, yet marked a very high specific gravity, because of the large quantity of heavy milk sugar and the small quantity of lighter fat contained in it. It was found to be precisely the same in this respect as the milk from the Guernsey and Jersey cows after it had been skimmed. The native cow's milk was better in quality than the Dutch cow's milk, but its specific gravity was the same as the much richer milk of the Short-horn. The tests here described were repeated several times and were made in the writer's dairy, which was a mixed herd kept to supply milk for sale. The whole milk, when mixed, yielded in the cream gauge 15 per cent. of thick cream; the majority of the cows were mixed native stock; the pure bred cows were chiefly Ayrshires. It is readily seen that there is no profit in keeping any of these cows except the Ayrshire and the Short-horn, the other milk being too rich or too poor. In the one case the more valuable cream was sold for six cents a quart as milk, while to an upright dairyman it would be conscious imposition to sell such imperfect and inferior milk in the other case.

But another element appears here. This is the relative cost of the milk. A large Short-horn cow requires twice the amount of food as a moderate sized, more thrifty, and economical Ayrshire, and in estimating the cost of the milk of each from the food consumed 14 quarts of Ayrshire milk could be produced for 20 cents a day with comparatively high feeding, while 13 quarts of Short-horn milk cost 34 cents, with the same kind of feed, but given in larger rations. Ayrshire milk thus costs less than one and a half cents per quart for the food, while Short-horn milk costs two and one-eighths cents the quart.—*N. Y. Times*,

The Purifying Lime Wash.

There is no more healthful method of keeping the stables, sheds and pens clean than to give them a good coat of lime wash. The wash is easily and quickly made as follows: Slake a bushel of fresh lime in a pork or other barrel, with water enough to make a thick paste, after which fill up the barrel with hot water and let it stand for a few hours. This wash may be applied in various ways. It may be spread upon the walls with a large whitewash brush, and no pains need be taken to do a neat job. Whatever wash falls upon the floor in the operation is not lost, but helps to sweeten the stable or stall. The quickest and most satisfactory method is to use a force pump, by which the lime wash can be thrown into every crack and corner.

Whenever we get tired of the wild carrot it will be well to remember that a flock of sheep will clean it out.

Set Grapes High and Dry.

Our grapes are growing on high, gravelly soil where we have to go down 30 to 40 feet for water and then find the purest spring water. We have never been troubled with the rot and have not been obliged as yet to "bag" our grapes to secure good crops. Were we to set a vine yard, we should choose such soil or a sidity or calcareous soil, up high and dry. This hint will do for those who are asking us about the best locality for grapes. Of course, if you have not such soil, set in the highest and dryest you have.—*Fruit Recorder.*

The Age of Miracles

is past, and Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are almost wasted by consumption. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, cures pimples, blotches, and eruptions, and causes great eating ulcers to heal.

The Sunday School.

Jesus Before the Council.

LESSON VI, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER, 5, 1882.

Golden Text.—He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.—Isa. 53:7.

LESSON TEXT.

[Mark 14.55-72.]

55. And the chief priests and all the council sought for witness against Jesus to put him to death, and found none.

56. For many bare false witness against him, but their witness agreed not together.

57. And there arose a certain, and bare false witness against him, saying:

58 We heard him say, I will destroy the temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another that is made without hands

59. But neither so did their witness agree together.

60. And the high priest stood up in the midst and asked Jesus, saying, Answerest thou nothing? What is it which these witness against thee?

61. But he held his peace and answered nothing. Again the high priest asked him and said unto him, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?

62. And Jesus said, I am; and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.

63. Then the high priest rent his clothes and saith, What need we any further witnesses?

64 Ye have heard the blasphemy; what think ye? And they all condemned him to be guilty of death.

65 And some began to spit on him, and to cover his face, and to buffet him, and to say unto him, Prophesy; and the servants did strike him with the palms of their hands.

66. And as Peter was beneath in the palace, there cometh one of the maids of the high priest;

67 And when she saw Peter warming himself, she looked upon him and said, And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth.

68. But he denied, saying, I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest. And he went out into the porch, and the cock crew.

69. And a maid saw him again, and began to say to them that stood by, This is one of them.

70. And he denied it again. And a little after they that stood by said again to Peter, Surely thou art one of them; for thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth thereto.

71. But he began to curse and to swear, saying, I know not this man of whom ye speak.

73 And the second time the cock crew. And Peter called to mind the word that Jesus said unto him, Before the cock crow twice thou shalt deny me thrice. And when he thought thereon, he wept.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

And the council sought for witness against Jesus . . . and found none (v. 5). The only sure way of having no evil found against us, is to have no evil to be found against us. Sooner or later somebody will be trying to find something against us. If we give offense to anybody, or if we excite anybody's envy or jealousy, or if we stand in anybody's way, or if we are candidates for office—there will be a searching of our record to find some flaw in it; and if there is a flaw there, it will be found, and be made the most of. He who has any misdoing to keep from his fellows has reason to tremble lest it be discovered. He who has nothing wrong to conceal can defy the world by day and lie down at night without any fear or anxiety.

Many bare false witness . . . but their witness agreed not together (v. 56). Of course that was so. Only truth is consistent with itself. The most skillful lies that "the father of lies," or that the smartest of his children, ever manufactured, could not match. There is a warning to liars in this truth; and there is comfort to those who are lied about. No matter how many enemies agree together to lie about us, their lies are sure not to agree. If the lies are left to themselves, they will cancel one another. Herein is safety to those who are pure, and destruction to those who are false.

But he held his peace, and answered nothing (v. 61). Many times the best way to answer a false accusation is not to answer at all. If every good man in public life and every good man in private station, should come out with a formal denial of all the charges that were made against them, there would be no room in the newspapers for anything else, and the world would have nothing to attend to but lies and their refutation. Character ought to be something among men, and character does count for something. There is a certain admission of the possible truth of outrageous and baseless charges against a man of established character, when he consents to enter upon their formal denial. His better way is to rest in his conscious innocence, and in the conviction that falsehood will defeat its own ends in the long run, and that truth will finally be manifested triumphantly.

The high priest asked him, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? And Jesus said, I am (vs. 61 62). There are times when a plain question should be answered plainly. If Jesus had not answered this question explicitly, it might have been said that his claim for himself was not all that his followers claimed for him. But as it is, his testimony stands out unmistakably. He affirmed himself to be the Christ, the Messiah of prophecy, the One whose coming was to be salvation to the lost. If that character is now denied to Jesus, the fault is not with his followers but with himself. He who says that Jesus of Nazareth was not the Christ—with all that term implies—joins issue with Jesus himself, and would make Jesus a liar.

She saw Peter warming himself (v. 67). A warm place and a comfortable one is not always the best place for the display of heroism. Out in the chilly night, in the darkness of Gethsemane, Peter was ready to risk his life for Jesus; but in the palace court, before a bright fire, he was less likely to prove courageous. Servants of outside do not always give warmth inside. There are those who are true and faithful in hard ship, whose fidelity fails in times of ease and luxury. It is when the good things of this life are multiplied to us, that our danger of proving untrue to the interests of the higher life is increased to us.

She . . . said, Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth. But he denied, saying, I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest (vs. 67 68). Well, was that wrong on Peter's part? He lied outright. There was no doubt about that. But is it always wrong to lie? Was that servant girl entitled to know Peter's personal history? If he had told her the truth, would Peter not have endangered himself without doing any real good to his Master? Was Peter not fairly entitled to lie to the servant girl, so as to enable him to stay as near as he could to his Master, and watch for a possible opportunity of helping him? Strange questions these; but they are questions that ought to be asked and answered in such a day as the present, when people of prominent religious profession are claiming boldly that a falsehood is justifiable if it be for a proper end—especially if it be for the saving of one's life. Peter would find strong men to make excuses for such lying as his, if he were in like circumstances again to day. But God would be against him and against his excusers.

He began to curse and swear, saying, I know not this man (v. 71). One sin leads to another. If a man tells one lie for any cause whatsoever, he commonly has to back it up by other lies, and then he must swear to it, or curse those who do not believe it. And this fact might well be recognized by those editors who are defending falsehood for a good end! When they have shown—to their own satisfaction—that there is no sin in falsehood, they had better try their hands at defending cursing and swearing. These things commonly go together. Indeed, if a Christian man would ever feel justified in telling a falsehood while he knew that God witnessed his act, why should he hesitate in calling on God to witness that which he puts as the truth? Why is a falsehood under oath any more truly a sin than a falsehood without this formal backing? A Christian always speaks as before God.

When he thought thereon, he wept (v. 72). There were none of these ingenious at hand to comfort Peter with an argument to show that he had not been at fault in his lying. He knew that he had lied; and he evidently thought that lying was a sin. Nor was he mistaken. Lying was a sin in his case. Lying is always a sin. And sin, under any pressure of inducement or of danger, is sure to be cause of sorrow. At the time of sinning, the sin itself does not seem so very bad, nor do its probable consequences seem so great and so sad. But when looked back upon and deliberately thought over, any sin is a cause for weeping. If we sow sin, we must surely reap sorrow.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

"I began the use of your Compound Oxygen Treatment just as I was taking a bad cold; the cold passed off without settling on my lungs or otherwise hurting me. Have had no pain or rattling in my lungs after the first two weeks' treatment. It works mysteriously on the whole system. I am stouter now than I have been for two years." So writes one of our patients. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"PERSONAL LIBERTY."

Liquor Dealers and Manufacturers in Convention, Addressed by Congressman Deuster—The Personal Liberty League.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 18.—The first annual convention of the National Liquor Dealers and Manufacturers' Protective Association of the United States met this forenoon, Leopold Ballenberg, of Peoria, Ill., presiding. Congressman Deuster delivered an address of welcome, in which he says: "But recently a wild, desperate crusade has been inaugurated in some of the States against the very existence of your flourishing and prosperous establishments, in which, as we all well know, there are invested hundreds of millions of capital, and upon which thousands and thousands of workingmen and their families are dependent. It is a new outbreak of fanaticism, such as we have had occasion to witness at different times and periods before. It is the offspring of blind passion, and, blind as it has been born, it will run its race."

H Rubens, delegate from Chicago, then made a motion to exclude all outsiders, including press reporters, which, after discussion, prevailed, and a guard was placed at the doors. The proceedings of the secret session resulted in the election of Franz R. Falk, of Milwaukee, as Chairman; August Thum, of Illinois, and J. H. Roth, of Missouri, Secretaries. All the States in the Union are represented except three. One of these (Indiana) telegraphed that the organization there was just being effected.

In the secret afternoon session the Committee on Organization recommended the name of the Association be changed to the Personal Liberty League of the United States, to be composed of the various State protective associations and of the National Brewers and Distillers' Association, the management to be in the hands of an Executive Committee, one from each State, one from the Distillers' and one from the Brewers' Association, the annual dues to be $250 for each State Society and $150 for each Society in the Territories.

The Committee on Resolutions reported:

"Whereas, the Prohibition party has for the few last years entered upon an aggressive warfare against the cause of personal freedom, and has succeeded by hostile legislation in some States in passing laws violating the principle of personal liberty, destroying legitimate business and injurious to the productive industries and commercial interests of the people,

"*Resolved*, That there now exists the most urgent necessity for the formation of a national organization, capable of meeting the enemy when or wherever he attacks our rights and business interests, and of strengthening our common cause in order to save our property from confiscation and destruction.

"*Resolved*, That we congratulate and at the same time thank the State of Ohio for its last victory, which for the first time of late it has arrested the wild and fanatical prohibition movement, and that we commend its example of union and organization to the rest of the States."

The report was adopted.

BOSTON, Oct. 19.—At a meeting last night of the Personal Liberty League of Massachusetts, composed of Germans, they resolved to support the Democratic State ticket.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

A Woman Leaves a Lover in Chicago to Attend Her Husband's Funeral in Cleveland.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—The people who pass a cigar and news stand kept by Mrs. Mary Hubert at No. 512½ North Clark street, little imagine that the woman whose name is on the door is indirectly responsible for as sad a case of suicide as the newspapers have occasion to chronicle. She eloped from Cleveland, a few weeks ago, with her husband's intimate friend, a cabinet-maker named Robert Gust. Once before she had left her husband, but she returned to him repentant, and he overlooked a sin such as few men can find it in their hearts to pardon. It was scarcely surprising, however, that his mind succumbed to the shock when she abandoned her home a second time, taking with her his two children and carrying off $1,000 of his savings. He attempted suicide, and for safety his friends placed him in an asylum. When he was released he wrote a note, saying that he would follow his wife and if her paramour to this city, and nothing more was seen of him until his lifeless body was found Monday last suspended from a tree in West Cleveland. On his person was found a card bearing the address of his wife in this city. It is supposed that as he was about to follow her he realized the hopelessness and shame of his mission, and so ended a life that could only be a burden to him. A reporter for the Times, who called last night at the woman's new home on the South Side, learned that she had gone to Cleveland to attend the funeral of her husband and take possession of what property he had left. Gust remains in this city to look after her affairs until she returns with the effects of the dead. "I do not know," he said when questioned by a reporter last evening, "why she left her husband, or where she got the money to buy this business with." He admitted that he had consorted with her since her arrival in this city. A letter received by him last evening was to the effect that she would join him at the end of the week. He is employed by Faulk & Co., at No. 335 Wabash avenue.

CHICAGO BEEF.

The New York Wholesale Dealers Alarmed, but the Public Delighted.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—The introduction of Chicago beef, sent here in refrigerating cars, has been a very serious matter for the wholesale dealers, but is viewed with indifference by many of the retailers, and with enthusiasm by the public who know where it is obtainable. On Saturday last one shop in Second avenue, from 6 A. M. until after midnight, sold Chicago beef over the counter to 1,170 persons, independent of hundreds of other orders sent in. There is a rumor that certain parties interested in the supply or beef killing here are forming a combination by which they hope to break down the Chicago enterprise, and that they have expressed a determination to spend $1,000,000 to accomplish such a result. The ruling retail prices of meat, as obtained yesterday from leading shops in Third and Second avenues, were as follows:

	Chicago Beef.	New York Supply.
Porterhouse steak	20c	25@30c
Sirloin steak	14@20c	20@22c
Round steak	16c	18c
Lower round steak	14@15c	14@16c
Chuck steak	12@15c	12c
Corned beef	14@15c	14c
Roast	10@15c	12@18c
Stew and soup beef	7@10c	6@8c
Corned beef	12@15	10@15c
Shoulder of veal	10@12c	14c
Veal chops	14@20c	18@23c
Veal cutlets	20@24c	18@22c
Stewing veal	14c	10@15c
Loins of veal	16@20c	12@20c
Breast of veal	12c	12@18c
Legs of mutton	14@15c	12@15c
Legs of lamb	13@14c	14c
Stewing mutton	7@8c	6@8c
Rib roast mutton	14@16c	14@18c
Fore quarter mutton	7@8c	8@10c

It is said in the interest of the wholesale local dealers that the Chicago beef is inferior, but the retailers say that, while it may not look as pretty, coming, as it generally does, from lighter animals, and having been on ice, it will be as tender and well flavored as any other beef. The high prices noted for veal apply to "milk" veal of the highest class, and in mutton chops the highest figures apply to Canada mutton, supposedly better for restaurant use.

A WIFE DESERTED.

Robbed of $1,000 and Left Penniless In a Strange City.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—A sad case of desertion is reported by the police. The Harrison street patrol was called yesterday to No. 410 State street to take a meek-looking little woman, in an interesting condition, to the County Hospital. Her husband had cruelly deserted her, leaving her but the clothes she had on her and 65 cents in money. She said her home was in Mendota, and that her maiden name was Ellen Smith. A year ago she was married to Charles Siquer and had about $1,000 saved up. She gave the money to her husband for the purpose of purchasing a farm in Wyoming Territory, the intention being to establish their home there. Her husband was away from home a great deal, but returned one day and said the farm had been purchased and everything was ready. Their household effects were sold, the trunks packed, friends bidden good by, and last Thursday they arrived here. Friday, Siquer, during her short absence from the room, got out her trunk and shipped it, leaving her but the clothes on her back. In the trunk was also a quantity of clothing intended for a little stranger expected soon. After wandering about for a while, vaguely expecting his return, she sought refuge with a friend, but her condition was such that her removal to the hospital was necessary. She shed copious tears on the way, and the policemen on the patrol-wagon, after hearing her pitiable story, determined dire vengeance on the villainous husband. She thinks her husband has run away with another woman, and that they have gone to Laramie, Wy. Ter.

OUTRAGEOUS.

A Sane Man Locked Up in a Madhouse for 21 Months.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—Three days after Christmas, 1880, William A. Keating, 38 years old, was arrested at his residence, 443 East Twelfth street, taken before a magistrate, examined by Dr. Hardy and Jackson at the Tombs, pronounced insane, and carried off to the Ward's Island Asylum. Many letters that he wrote appealing for help to get him out were not allowed to reach their destination. Finally, one day last summer, he wrote on a large sheet of wrapping paper a letter to Deputy Coroner Messemer and threw it from a window of the Asylum. An intelligent Russian Jew refugee found it and mailed it. Dr. Messemer brought the case to the attention of Mr. Aaron Kohn. In July last Mr. Kohn obtained a writ of habeas corpus for Keating. The return made to the writ was that Keating had been and still was insane. The traverse was that he had never been insane.

Judge Donohue appointed three commissioners, Dr Ranney, Hamilton Morton, and Bernard Smith, to try the case with a Sheriff's jury. It was tried yesterday. Mr. Keating was in court, accompanied by a keeper. He is a slender man, of medium height, black hair, piercing black eyes, and pale complexion. His demeanor was quiet. Assistant Corporation Counsel Lecombe appeared for the Commissioners of Charities and Correction to see that the forms of law were observed.

James Keating, the father of the applicant for liberty, was sworn. It was upon his complaint that his son was originally committed. He said:

"He was violent and offensive—that is, he talked a little rough—and I thought I was the oldest and ought to rule. While I was paying the rent I thought I should rule and give corrections. So I thought I'd make a charge against him, that the Judge would send him to the Tombs or the Island for a little while, but I'd rather send him to Greenwood or some other cemetery than send him to that lunatic asylum. I never considered him insane, but I considered he should give more respect to his father and mother. I never saw anything insane about him, except may be it was that he was too near with his passion, and would give a sullen answer to a civil question. I'd be glad to see him at liberty again. Of course I would. But I wouldn't stand his bad language, for bad language is worse than a stroke. It's a decent thing to knock a man down, but it isn't proper to use bad language."

Dr. Ranney, as Chief Commissioner, expressed his belief that Keating is sane, and expressed a hope that the time will come when we shall have competent people to decide who shall and who shall not be confined in our hospitals for the insane. "If this man was sane when he was sent up there," he said, "it is a disgrace to our institutions."

After a very brief consultation the jury returned a verdict that W. A. Keating was sane. Then, in pursuance of Judge Haight's order, the prisoner was formally discharged, notwithstanding a suggestion that he should be remanded to the asylum for a few days, until a Supreme Court Judge should finally approve of the finding. The two Keatings went away together to the home of the elder arm in arm.

CLAIMS FILED.

For Services in Connection with the Illness of Pres. Garfield.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—The following is a complete list of the claims filed with the Board designated by Congress to audit the claims arising from the illness and death of Pres Garfield: Dr D W. Bliss, $25, 00; Dr. D Hayes Agnew, $14,700; Dr Robert Reyburn, $10,8.0; Dr. D. S Lamb, for examination of body at Elberon, N J., $1,0.0; Dr. Susan A Edson, $10,000; Henry S. Little, Receiver of Central Railroad Company of New Jersey, for laying special track at Elberon, N J., and running special trains $4,230; Valne & Proctor, of Washington, for furniture, $ 62; Geo. W. Knox, Washington, express charges, $18; G. G. C. Sloms, Washington, for drugs etc., $18 85; Charles A. Benedict, of New York, funeral expenses, including casket, $887 50; Thomas Dolan and James Sheridan, messengers at Executive Mansion, $300 each; William Given, messenger at State Department, amount due to him in discretion of the Board; James W. Walsh, for embalming the body, $500; George Tremaine & Co., of New York, surgical instruments, etc., $55 27; H. L Crawford, for sprinkling grounds of Executive Mansion, $270; W. H. Bailey, services at the mansion $200; W. D Moses & Son, linen, etc., $40 85; Jas Goodwin, Boston, invalid bed, $75; William S. Dupee, Messenger of War Department, $250; Simpson & Hooke, Washington, for carpets, $123 45; National Capital Telephone Company, $50; Charles H. Lee, Messenger, Department of Justice, no amount named; James Wilson, cooking, etc., $1,080; independent Ice Company, for ice, $1,516 23; Margaret Nugent, cook, three months' extra pay; Fred R Moore, messenger service, $150; and a claim of the employes of the Executive Mansion for three months' extra pay. No claim is yet filed by Dr Hamilton and Dr. Boynton. The Board is waiting to hear from them.

Henry George on the Irish Land Question.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—Henry George, the author of "Progress and Poverty," was welcomed by many friends when he landed from the Helvetia yesterday morning. He formally accepted an invitation to a dinner which was tendered by Algernon S. Sullivan, Judge Charles H. Van Brunt, H. S. Cox and others. The dinner will be at Delmonico's on Saturday evening. Mr George spent the day in visiting personal friends. He intends to remain in this country and lecture during the Winter. He regards the Irish movement as a great educational work, and is enthusiastic in expressing his belief that the nationalization of the land is the measure most likely to solve the Irish question.

"In my opinion," he said, "no form of tenant right or system of peasant proprietary will fully satisfy the people. For the social evils extant, the remedy is to recognize the truth that the land is really the common property of the whole people of Ireland, and that neither a small nor a large number of the inhabitants can right fully claim any exclusive title to it. This is the truth enunciated by the Bishop of Meath and believed in by a growing number of the most active and liberal spirits of the Irish people. In England also as well as in Scotland the land movement has fairly begun and will take a more radical shape than in Ireland. As for Ireland's political condition, the only remedy is free government."

A Fight Over the Estate of a Boston Millionaire.

BOSTON, Oct. 16.—The late Joseph Nickerson, of this City, left an estate amounting to several million dollars, which was distributed among his wife, two sons and two daughters. The youngest daughter, Josephine, who was one of the trustees under the will, a few months ago came to the conclusion that the property was not being properly managed. She has given a transdeed of her property to Boston lawyers, who attempted to get possession of about $100,000 worth of securities in the vaults of the Boston Safe Deposit Company, which had been placed there by Miss Nickerson and her brother George jointly. It was found that she had either lost her key or it was in possession of George, and the managers of the deposit vaults refused to allow the trustees to obtain access to the securities on the ground Miss Josephine and George Nickerson were tenants in common. A bill in equity was therefore brought against George Nickerson and the Boston Safe Deposit Company, and to day an interlocutory injunction was made to allow Miss Nickerson to have the securities during the pendency of the bill, alleging that she has no other means of support. No decision was rendered. An effort has been made by other members of the family to commit Miss Nickerson to an insane asylum, but this was abandoned.

Starch Manufacturers Consolidating.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 18.—The adjourned meeting of Starch Manufacturers of the West is in progress now. It is stated that 10 of the 11 manufacturers have agreed to the plan of consolidation adopted two weeks ago, and it is expected that final steps will be taken to-morrow to complete the arrangements. The manufacturer who refuses to join is at Madison, Ind.

The Result of Perseverance.

A representative of the *Times-Democrat* was present at the office of the Louisiana State Lottery Company when Mr. D. P. Blair, of Columbus, Miss., received a check for $15,000, as the lucky holde of one fifth of the capital prize of $75,000, on ticket No. 62,01, and asked: "Did you not feel elated when fa vored by fortune?" "No, not all. I had an idea I would win. I had been taking tickets—well, now it must be for nearly two years, and I was doing my time, for I felt my turn would come soon. I never hurried the Lottery Company up, but waited, taking my tickets regularly every month, and now I've hit them." "What do you intend doing with the money?" "Well the night I believed I had won, I mentally distributed it. I have children, and I propose to invest a portion for them. The plans I made on that night I intend carrying out. I felt on that occasion, by intuition, it would almost seem, that I had won. The feeling, of course, is impossible to describe. Thus he bided his time. The next drawing will occur November 14, and any information thereof can be had on application to M. A Dauphin, New Orleans, La.—*N. O. Times-Democrat, September 16.*

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News of the Week

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

At Lexington, Ky., Monday, a little colt sold for $2,500.

New Hampshire Prohibitionists have nominated a State ticket.

The Rothschilds are said to hold 60 millions in Egyptian bonds.

An educated Cherokee Indian is editing a small journal at Fayetteville, Ark.

A searching investigation is making into the affairs of the Montreal Postoffice

The native who wounded the British Consul during the riot in Alexandria has been arrested.

The Madeira road at Brighton, in England, has become a great place for ladies on tricycles.

Havermeyer Bros., of New York, are to invest $100,000 in a sugar refinery in New Orleans.

The Democrats of the First New York Congressional District have renominated Perry Belmont.

Mrs. David Martin and two children were drowned while crossing the Chillicothe River Friday.

Two sons of D. S. Baird were drowned in the Ottawa River by the upsetting of a canoe, near Fitzroy, Ont.

Henry Robinson Searle, well-known architect and member of the Union League, died in New York Sunday.

There are over $100,000,000 of gold certificates now in New York. Only $9,000,000, however, are in circulation.

Postmaster-General Howe, it is thought, will recommend a system of postal telegraphy in his next annual report.

The Columbus Base Ball Company, incorporated Saturday, have already raised $8,000 of the $5,000 capital stock.

Roswell P. Flower was renominated for Congress by the Tammany Democrats in the Eleventh District of New York.

Dr. Justin D. Fulton, Emory A. Storrs and ex-Speaker Sharpe addressed a mass meeting of Republicans in Brooklyn.

The operators at Meehanic's Mill, Fall River, Mass., are striking on account of dissatisfaction with work and wages.

Joseph Mellory, one of the originators and chief director of the Western Union Telegraph Company, died Sunday afternoon.

At Baltimore, during a quarrel in a beer saloon between John Black and Louis Barney, both colored, the latter was shot dead.

The retirement from active service, by operation of law, of Maj. Gen. McDowell, October 15, has been announced to the army.

Newspapers throughout Kansas claim that there is an unprecedented scarcity of male help on the farm and female help in the kitchen.

At Hoboken, N. J., Policeman Kerrigan was probably fatally beaten with his own club by a boatman named French whom he had arrested.

A bill has been introduced in the Vermont Legislature providing that prisoners shall be made insensible by the authorities before execution.

The Ohio Commissioner of Insurance refused to grant permission for the Home Benefit Association of New York to do business in this State.

Representatives of all the Protestant missionary societies are being invited to a missionary conference to be held in Calcutta Christmas week.

Judges of the Supreme Court in Arkansas prohibit by formal orders the sale of liquors within a distance of three miles from a public or private school.

Hugh McFadden's barn, near Coshocton, containing, among other valuables, 13 Merino sheep, valued at $100 each, was burned by an incendiary Sunday night; loss, $5,000.

The total values of exports of domestic breadstuffs during the nine months ended September 30, were $134,514,779; for the corresponding period in 1881, the values were $117,452,698.

The Queen City National Bank, of Cincinnati, is authorized to begin business with a capital of $.50,000. The Second National Bank of Circleville, O., is authorized to extend its charter to October 16, 1902.

Marshal Marks captured in the Osage Nation and took to Fort Smith a horse-thief named William Starr, accompanied by his wife, who was a member of the Younger gang. Her bail was fixed at $1,000.

The American Consul at Cape Town reports that Peter K. Walker, of Marcus, Illinois, killed a boarding house keeper last month with an elephant gun. He has been in Africa for two years, and is believed to be insane.

Twenty-four clearing houses in the United States report an aggregate of clearings the past week of $1,307,085,379, from which it is deducted that the general trade movement throughout the country is well maintained.

John H. Sharp, administrator of the estate of Jasper N. Gallentine, has brought suit against the Columbus, Toledo & Hocking Valley Railroad, claiming $10,000 damages. Gallentine was killed on the road January 15, last.

At Chicago, Richard Grey, maddened by the attentions of Geo. Larkin to a lady who had rejected him, attacked Larkin, biting off his thumb and nose. Larkin fired three shots into Grey's abdomen, fatally injuring him.

In a prize fight at Kansas City, Sunday, between Andy Sweeney, of Kansas City, and Jack Hanley, of California, for $500 a side, three rounds were fought. Hanley won the first two, but lost the fight by hitting Sweeney below the belt.

The cattle disease is still spreading at Paris, Ill., and nothing as yet tried is of any avail to check it. It does not confined to one locality, as was first supposed; it is now pretty general through the section that lies within a radius of five miles of that City.

Successful experiments are reported at Champaign, Ill., in making sugar from sorghum cane by a new process discovered by the Professor of Chemistry in the Illinois State University. At the first run of the machinery it yielded 2,000 pounds of excellent sugar.

Eighty Frenchmen, assisted by 1,400 African laborers are about to commence the construction of a railway between the Niger and Senegal Rivers. Their work in this will be protected by a military column, which will plant the French flag and erect two forts on the Niger.

R. K. Bruce, ex-Senator from Mississippi, spoke in the hall of Representatives at Jackson last Saturday night, when some unknown person in the gallery hurled at his head a package of cayenne pepper. It missed him, but hundreds of the orator's audience ran with his argument.

John Brown, aged 80 years, died at Marion, Pa., of old age. When the grave yard insurance business was at its hight in that district, Brown was insured by out side parties for $25,000. All policies, however, became void when the companies were declared illegal some time ago.

A gentleman returning from North Carolina says that the Democrats in that State have become involved in the same complications that brought about the Republican defeat in Ohio in consequence of this, he says, the Democrats will lose at least two members of Congress from that State.

John Polk, of Jonesboro, Ga., interfered with three burly negroes who were maltreating a little son of John L. Cooley, a lawyer of that place. The ruffians stoned Mr. Polk until he dropped senseless, and it is thought he will die of his injuries. A body of armed men are searching for the negroes.

Before committing suicide at Lawrence, Kan., Miss Pitmee had her photograph taken, and left directions for sending copies to her intimate friends. She was very careful that getting a good likeness, and was entirely successful in assuming the "pleasant expression" which the photographers always recommend.

Mr. Estelle, the proprietor of the Savannah *News*, writes that the son of the late Sen Hill, of Georgia, has decided to be a candidate to fill the unexpired term made vacant by the death of his father. Mr. Estelle thinks that the popularity of Mr. Hill, coupled with the high estimation in which his father was held, will insure him the appointment.

The number of men summoned in the army reserve in England was 11,650. Of these 11,030 answered the calls and reported themselves at their depots. The absence of 535 was satisfactorily explained, 458 were not accounted for, and 449 were reported medically unfit for service. The actual number of reserve men who joined their corps was 10,580, and all these were at first posted to the regiments in which they had originally served.

The annual report of the Third Auditor shows there were on file and received during the past fiscal year 35,311 accounts and claims, of which number 14,50 were settled, the amount to $65,474,074, leaving unsettled 23,61, involving $18,371,178. Of the unsettled accounts the largest is account of pension agents—$10,452,491. There are also unsettled nearly 20,000,000 of miscellaneous claims, over $5,000,000 of claims of states for reimbursement, about $5,000,000 accounts of engineer officers, nearly $2,000,000 accounts of Quartermasters, and about $1,200,000 accounts of Commissaries of Subsistence.

The citizens' movement to nominate a municipal ticket in New York has come to naught.

John L. Blake was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Sixth New Jersey District.

The stealing from the Newark, New Jersey, City Treasury, newly discovered, will exceed $300,000.

The old postoffice site and property at Nassau, Cedar and Liberty streets, New York, sold for $650,000.

The President has appointed Emma B. Hine Postmaster at Lowell, Mich., vice James W. Hine, resigned.

The Democrats of the Seventh Massachusetts District nominated Hon. Chas. P. Thompson for Congress.

George D. Robinson was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Twelfth Massachusetts District.

The 29th annual session of the Michigan Grand Lodge of Good Templars began at Lansing Tuesday afternoon.

Dana, of the New York Sun, pays his cook $6,000 a year. His family consists of his wife, one son (aged 30) and three daughters.

Fire at Pontiac, Mich., destroyed the laundry, two boot and shoe stores and livery stable. Loss, $15,000; insurance, $5,000.

R. O Storrs & Co., manufacturers of woolens at Dedham, Mass., failed yesterday. Liabilities, $450,000; nominal assets, $.25 000.

Delegates to the number of 200, from all parts of the country, are in attendance at the National Christian Convention in Lexington, Ky.

Conductor A. H. Cole, who has been running on the Little Miami Railroad over 20 years, has been appointed depot master at Cincinnati.

Customs authorities at Montreal seized the beet root sugar factory of the Union Sucriere Franco-Canadiene for unpaid duties of $10,000.

Congressman Read, of Maine, has been added to the list of Republican campaign speakers in Michigan. He will speak in Detroit on the 23d inst.

Gen. Sherman will leave Washington Saturday to attend the army rifles contest at Leavenworth, Ks. He will return by St. Louis November 1.

Republicans of the First Rhode Island District renominated H. J. Spooner for Congress. Jonathan Chase was renominated in the Second District

A meeting of Boston Republicans favorable to the election of Gen Butler was fairly attended. A committee was appointed to draw up an address.

The firm of A. & C. J. Hope, Montreal, iron importers, have suspended. Liabilities direct $300,000; secured, indirect $150,000; deficiency $400,000 to $500,000.

"Cedar Croft" Bazard Taylor's home near Kennett square, Philadelphia, sold at $14,050. The purchaser was a farmer named Isaac Warner of Hatboro.

A director of the Lebanon, Pa., dime savings bank has increased by $3,000 the reward offered for the arrest of the men who recently robbed Cashier Rice.

Government counsel in the star route proceedings held a conference at the Capital Tuesday, as a result of which important proceedings are expected in a few days.

At Calais, Me., during the morning service, the Second Parish Baptist Church burned. Loss, $17,000; insured for $7,000. No lives lost. Cause, defective chimney.

At the end of the Cambridgeshire week Lorillard's horses will be transferred from Newmarket to Houghton stables. Iroquois will be brought to America for stud purposes.

Gen. Dodge says a further issue of Texas Pacific stock is impossible under the charter. The issuance of stock for dividend purposes is not possible under any circumstances.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad has completed arrangements whereby it will do its own express business at all points east of the Missouri River from November 1.

The Manhattan Fire Insurance Company of New York City has retired from business. The risks of the corporation will be assumed by the Phœnix Insurance Company, of Brooklyn.

The American Gas Light Association met this morning at Pittsburg, and will be in session two days. Representatives of all the gas companies in the United States are in attendance

Sec. Teller confirms the report of Indian Inspector Pollock's suspension. The cause assigned for the action is disobedience on the part of the Inspector, and none of the charges affect his integrity.

The colporteurs employed by the Cincinnati Bible Society, visited 14,213 families during the past year, 1,141, of whom were supplied with Bibles. Over one thousand families refused the book as a gift.

Pleuro-pneumonia has appeared among the cattle at Lancaster, Penn. J. H Saunders, of Chicago, President of the Cattle Commission, pronounces Baltimore and the farms adjacent a hotbed of the disease.

Samuel W. Allerton, a heavy dealer of Chicago, preparing to enter into the shipment of refrigerator beef to New England, stated that most of the slaughtering and shipping will be done at St. Louis, at least for the present.

Gault Bros., dry goods importers, entered suit at Montreal against Benning & Barsalou, auctioneers, for $11,500, for giving a false account of affairs in the recent bankruptcy, through which the plaintiffs lost the above sum.

The London Daily News understands that Gladstone on the reassembling of Parliament, will move that a select commission be appointed to inquire into the circumstances under which E. Dyer Gray was imprisoned.

The trial of the case of Chas. A. Stroul against seven students of Bowdoin College, for damages on account of injuries inflicted while hazing freshmen, concluded with a verdict of $2,700 damages against the seven students.

E. Peshine Smith, at different times editor of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, Rochester Democrat and Albany Evening Journal, and recently chief law officer of the Japanese Government, died at Rochester Saturday night.

The Secretary of War submitted to the Judge Advocate General for opinion on the question whether persistent refusal on the part of an officer of the army to pay just debts does not make him liable to trial by Courtmartial upon charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman.

California has Republican, Democratic, Prohibition and Greenback tickets in the field, and will soon have another to be called "Anti-Stickers." The refuse from mines is called "stickers," and the ticket is to be put up by those whose farms and other property are injured by its accumulation in and about the streams.

Rumor has been busy for a day or two past at Washington with the name of Martin I Townsend, of Troy, in connection with the Secretaryship of the Treasury. Townsend says that he knows nothing about the matter. Another assigns Gorkling to the head of the State Department in case of Folger's defeat in New York

Gen Howard recently issued an order directing the discontinuance of dress parades on Sunday at the posts in his department. This was countermanded by direction of Gen. Sheridan as being contrary to the terms of paragraph 344 of the army regulations. It is understood that Gen. Howard is now desirous of having the regulation changed.

In the Kentucky Masonic Grand Lodge officers were elected as follows: G. D Buckner, of Lexington, Grand Master; H. R. Frueh, of Mt Sterling, Deputy Grand Master; J. G. Arendorff, G. S. W.; S G. Wilt, G. J. W.; T. H. Leathers, Grand Treasurer; Rev. Henry Roush, Grand Chaplain; Joseph T. Davidson, Tyler.

The correspondent, who has had an interview with Stanley, understands that when the road along the Congo River is completed the King of the Belgians intends to offer it to any English company who will undertake to work it. DeBrazza is doubtless aware of this fact, and hence his haste to get the French Government to ratify his treaty with Congo River chiefs.

Reports from the Canadian Government indicate an opening of the Indians on Caradoc Reserve, in the northwest territories, who have formally decided not to lease to the whites any portion of their reserves. Gen. Crook, in a conference with 400 chiefs and head men of the Apaches, at San Carlos, forbade them to leave the reservation without papers, and ordered them to stop manufacturing liquor.

The two brothers, the Barons Rothschild of the old ancestral house in Frankfort on the Main, have made the return of their income for taxation. The younger brother, Wilhelm, or Willy, as he is called, appears to be the richer man of the two—at all events for the present taxable year. His return is given 60,000 marks. The elder brother, Meyer Karl, on the other hand, only returns 4,500 000 marks. According to the figures rendered by himself to the Government Baron Willy Rothschild enjoys a daily income of 13,120 marks, or over $3 250. An anti Semitic print details the figures closely, and exclaims that this Jew is receiving 564 marks, or $140, every hour, $2 34 every minute, and four cents every second. Four cents a second does not sound much, but there are 31,536,000 seconds in every year.

Rev. Robert Paine, senior Bishop of the M. E. Church South, is dead.

The Presbyterian Synod of New York decided, 117 to 110, to become a representative body.

It is stated on good authority that westbound freight rates will be advanced November 1st.

Bay City, Mich., and Sandusky, O., have been placed on the list of free delivery postoffices.

The Rothschilds are to issue for the Russian Government 28,000,000 of nominal 3 per cent. bonds at 50.

The furniture warehouse of Thoesen & Uhl, Third avenue, New York, burned. Loss, $45,000; insured.

The Carriage Builders' National Association adopted resolutions asking Congress to protect timber.

The American Homestead Aid Society of Columbus, O., has made an assignment. Assets about $2,000; liabilities, $8,000.

Fifty head of Jersey cattle bred by Gen. Guitar, of Missouri, were sold at auction in St. Louis for from $30 to $715 each.

Rev. W. L. Woodruff, of Baltimore, has been placed in jail for opening a letter placed in his postoffice box by mistake.

A writ of habeas corpus in the Phipps extradition case was granted by the Court at Toronto, Ont., returnable next week.

A bill before the Legislature of Vermont imposes a fine of $10 for offering a boy under 15 years of age a cigar or cigarrette.

W. J McGarigle has tendered his resignation as Chief of Police of Chicago, and Austin Doyle is now at the head of the force.

Samuel Funk, of Decatur, Ill., claims to have discovered another comet in the northern heavens at 5 o'clock Thursday morning.

The President has returned to Washington in excellent health. Reports that he was suffering from Bright's disease are incorrect.

Maud S. will be shipped to Bair at Cincinnati, some time in December. Her old driver is confident of lowering the record with her.

In the 30 years of the existence of the American Congregational Union, it has established $800,000, assisti g in building 1,203 churches.

Wm. Gibson, City Marshal of Horricon, Wis., was shot by a man whom he tried to arrest for being drunk. Doctors say Gibson cannot live.

Three thieves at Little Falls, Minn., simulated a drunken row, leading Sheriff Thompson to interfere, when he was quietly robbed of $650 by the gang.

Another mastodon skeleton has been found on the Kentucky Central Railroad extension—not quite as large, however, as the remains previously unearthed.

Elections in six constituencies for the Ontario Legislature resulted in the return of four supporters of the present reform Government and two Conservatives.

The Turf, Field and Farm says: Rowell offered to bet $20,000 that he will win the coming six-day pedestrian race The sanguine believe 640 miles will be made.

The Illinois Board of Health reports the prevalence of small-pox in Aurora, and urges upon all local boards the necessity of vaccination before cold weather sets in.

Jay Gould's steam-yacht, now being built at Philadelphia, will be completed by Spring. It will be constructed of iron and steel, with 1,500 horse-power, and be 210 feet long.

The Pullman Palace Car Company has declared a regular quarterly dividend of $3 per share from net earnings, payable November 15, to stockholders of record November 1.

The Governor of Kentucky has ordered the Emmet rifles to be in readiness to go to Ashland next week to protect Neal and Craft, who are to have a rehearing on the charge of murder.

A San Antonio (Texas) dispatch says: There is a great deal of cotton open in the fields, and the laborers very scarce. Farmers are paying a dollar per hundred pounds to pickers.

Rev Mr. Tompkins, his son and daughter, of Swanwin, Ill., have gone crazy on religion, and have been locked up until their reason is restored. Mr. Tompkins is engaged in praying constantly.

Henry Gridley, proprietor of the finest hotel in Norwich, Conn., advertises he will demolish his building next April in consequence of the No license vote of the Town, compelling him to close his bar.

An Ottawa telegram states the keeper of the light house on Lonely Island has been called on to explain his conduct in connection with the alleged robbery of the body of a victim of the Asia disaster.

Near Madison, Ind., Jacob Willeck, 16 years old, was accidentally killed while out hunting. He was drawing the gun through the fence, muzzle foremost, when the contents were discharged into his body.

The preliminary election for members of the Prussian Diet resulted, as far as estimated, in the choice of 2,900 electors belonging to the Progressist groups against 750 Conservatives and anti Progressists.

A car load of 60 Mormon immigrants passed through Cheyenne, Wyoming, Wednesday, on the Union Pacific Road, bound for Europe The men are mostly ignorant, and apparently low characters.

At the Monteoeules mines in France, where 33 men have been indicted for conspiracy to wage civil war, placards are nightly posted on the walls, and threatening letters are addressed to the managers.

At Fostoria, a New York travelling man (L. G. Moore) got off the train to send a dispatch. The cars started sooner than expected and in running to jump he fell over a trunk on the station platform, sustaining fatal injuries.

Fireman Perk of Coldwater, who once confessed his complicity but afterwards withdrew the confession, was tried for arson this week and the case ended yesterday in the disagreement of the jury. Perk was bound over for retrial.

Charges were some time since preferred against Supt. Rome, of the City Infirmary at Cleveland, O. An investigation was instituted, which is developing a horrible state of affairs, if the testimony of the witnesses can be relied upon.

Chairman Hubbell, of the Republican National Executive Committee, has figures to show that the Republican prospects of a majority in the next House are at least 50 per cent better than they were for the present House two years ago.

A sewer in Twentieth street, Philadelphia, exploded at several different points to the great surprise and consternation of the people in the neighborhood. No person was hurt, but houses on the street were shaken as if by a small earthquake.

The starch manufacturers, including 10 firms, representing two thirds of the manufacturing interest in the West, have decided to consolidate by forming a joint stock company with $2,000,000 capital, each manufacturer to hold stock in proportion to the value of stock.

The bankers of Chicago are earnest and united in their disapproval of the ruling of Secretary Folger that gold certificates can only be procured at the sub-Treasury in New York, which forces upon Western people express charges in both directions, on the coin and the paper.

Broadley and Napier visited Arabi Pasha Saturday. Arabi expressed confidence in the decisions of the British Government. He stated he had been ill treated and twice spat upon, but since October 10 had been well treated, owing to the intervention of the British Consul.

A man registering as W. C. Collins, and a young woman who gives her name as Ida Lynch, are under arrest at Columbus The body of a new-born infant was found in a hotel vault, and the girl has confessed her guilt. Suspicion rests upon a well known Pickaway County physician.

The statement is again made that Postmaster General Howe will resign to accept a Federal Judgship. It is not credited. It is stated that the Government will try to get the star route jury bribers tried before the next Grand Jury, because the present one seems to be predisposed in favor of the defense.

First Assistant Postmaster General Hatton denies the story that Mr Howe will resign and give place to the First Assistant. He says their relations are of the most cordial character, and the report that he (Hatton) has the ear of the President in preference to Postmaster General Howe, he says, is all gammon.

Eight cars on the Boston through freight were badly wrecked near Southport station, New York & New Haven Road, Sunday. Thomas Martin, brakeman, was killed and two brakemen badly injured. The train was running at a high rate of speed. The rear of shifting, which composed a portion of the freight, fell between the cars, parted the train, threw one car from the track, and the remaining seven piled on top.

A number of men, mainly Socialists, gathered in Concordia Hall, New York, Sunday, to give expression to their sympathy for persecuted workmen in Austria. Speeches were made in English, German and Bohemian. It is stated there are at present in prisons over 100 workmen, the only cause of whose incarceration is the fact they entertain liberal views and act accordingly. A subscription list is in circulation.

NORTH ADAMS.

Twenty-seven Men Injured by the Railroad Collision.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., Oct. 21.—A terrible accident to a caboose of workingmen belonging to the North Adams freight yard, occurred this morning, in which 27 men were injured, several fatally. About 6:30 A. M. engineer Chas. Wells and fireman Jos. Beaty left North Adams depot on the engine "Deerfield," on the State road, pushing a caboose loaded with 30 men going to work at different places near Zoar and Charlemont. The parties in the car included the section gang, John Flynn, foreman; a gang of masons, John C. Madden, foreman; stone crushers, Peter Barry, foreman; track layers, Thomas Quinn, foreman; and carpenters, J. J. Peckham, foreman. The engine and caboose started for the tunnel and had gone about half way there when the caboose, which was in front, collided with the Troy and Boston engine. The caboose was raised from the trucks and carried to the cow-catcher of the engine of the Deerfield. The front of the engine was smashed in; steam and hot water flew into the caboose; men not hurt in the collision were burned badly, and but few escaped without injury. None would have been seriously hurt but for the explosion of the engine of the "Deerfield" boiler.

Three doctors arrived at the scene and made examination of the injured men, who are Chas. Wells, engineer of the Deerfield, badly burned, condition precarious; Joseph Beasley, fireman, scalded and bruised badly, will die; C. L. Van Hosen, telegraph operator in the caboose, scalded, swallowed hot water and steam, will die; Daniel Connell, laborer, arms and legs scalded; Charles Patterson, John Flynn and John C. Madden, all scalded and cut; John Madden, scalded and bruised; Thos. Quinn, side, back and arms scalded; Jas. Wells, Thomas Dempsey; John Young, Charles Carpenter, Amasa Campbell, Jas. Crafts, all burned, some seriously; Conductor Haywood, scalded about the head; James Eastwood, Thomas Connors and Thomas Flavin, scalded; John Welch, legs broken and scalded.

The others injured were James Bolger, scalp wound, face cut and scalded; James Hall, Patrick Murray, Thomas Driscoll, Joseph Barrelow, M. Kiely, Cornelius Shay, all injured, but not seriously.

As John Hogan was crossing the railroad track to see the accident he was struck by the Pittsfield & North Adams train, and killed.

THE PEDESTRIANS

Start Out to Beat the Best Time on Record.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—As early as 7 this evening, crowds began to assemble in the vicinity of Madison Square Garden, where the pedestrian contest was begun early to night. The neighboring beer saloons did a flourishing business. Inside the garden the scene was but little changed from last year. The track is enclosed by a picket fence having a broad path way on the outer side, underneath the first row of seats. At the upper or Madison avenue end, the garden bridge spans the track, leaving a clear space for the tramp of the champion pedestrians below. Added to hundreds of gas jets, the glare of many electric lights made the scene brilliant and picturesque.

Soon after the doors were opened the crowds in the street began to flow in until at 10 o'clock the garden was almost three-quarters full. It was a comparatively orderly gathering, and not nearly as large as at former contests. The manager explained that the custom of giving away some 3,000 passes had not been carried out this time. As the hour grew later the crowd grew greater, and the face of the management brightened. On the Twenty-second street side the spectators were nearly all women, and nearly all had opera glasses, scanning the crowds below. At 9, the Seventh Regiment band, stationed on a platform on the Twenty-sixth street side began to play, and continued till 10 o'clock. In front of the judges and seconds' stand is an immense time piece, which will regulate the records. Any betting was done in private. Rowell was the favorite

The contestants are Charles Rowell, George Hazel, Patrick J. F. Fitzgerald, John Hughes, Robert Vint, George D. Noremac, Frank Hart, Daniel J. Herty, and the Buffalo postman, Peter J. Panchot. Hart is well known except Herty. He is a Bostonian, 23 years of age, five feet 8¾ inches in height, and weighs 152 pounds.

Oregon's New United States Senator.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23.—The Hon. Joseph N. Dolph, who was elected United States Senator by the Oregon Legislature after numerous ballottings, is an able lawyer and a very energetic business man, being prominently connected with most of the important business enterprises of Oregon He was born in New York, but early in life went to Missouri, and from that State went to Oregon about 20 years ago, soon after graduating as a law student. Immediately upon arriving there he entered into a partnership with the Hon. J. H. Mitchell, and they continued in partnership until the election of Mr. Mitchell to the United States Senate in 1872. From that time he continued in the practice as the senior partner in the firm of Dolph & Bronough and Dolph & Simon. Soon after his arrival in Oregon he became United States District Attorney. He is a Mason and an Odd Fellow in high standing in the State, and is President of the Transcontinental Railway Company. He is a brilliant orator, and somewhat of a politician having been a State Senator, and occupied various other offices in the State. He is a staunch Republican. His age is about 54 years.

Official Returns of the Ohio Election.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 23.—The official count of the returns from the State election, held October 10, made by the Secretary of State to-day, shows the following totals and majorities:

SECRETARY OF STATE.

Newman, D.	316 854
Townsend, R.	297,179
Schumacher, P.	12,2 4
Heffer, G.	5,840
Newman over Townsend	19,115
Newman over all	1,508

JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT.

Okey, D	315,752
Doyle, R	299,3 9
Rosborough, P.	12,290
Tuttle, G.	5,882
Okey over Doyle	16,384
Okey less than all	1,238

MEMBER BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

Weible, D	315,3?0
Flickinger, R.	299,633
Anderson, P.	12,24
Stevens, G.	5,892
Weible over Flickinger	15,735
Weible less than all	1,607

Wild Ride of Five Roughs on a Locomotive.

BOSTON, Oct. 20.—Five roughs stole a locomotive in the yard of the New York & New England Railroad at 10 o'clock last night and started out at high speed just ahead of a passenger train on the main line. The telegraph was used to clear the track and an attempt was made to throw the engine from the rails before it should do any damage, but the roughs ran the gauntlet for 14 miles, when they were brought to a stop by a freight train ahead of them, and four were captured by railroad employees. The engineer of the trip escaped.

Pennsylvania Presbyterians.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 24.—The Presbyterian Synod adopted the following:

Resolved, That Synod authorizes the Stated Clerk to correct a false statement in the daily press as to its action on the subject of temperance, and to say that the Synod, without reference to political organizations but acting in the fear of God and in the interests of our common humanity, passed the resolutions unanimously and by a rising vote."

Dr. Boynton's Bill, $4,500.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—In compliance with the request of the Board appointed to examine and audit claims growing out of the illness and death of Pres. Garfield, Dr. Boynton to-day returned a properly filled out form of application recently forwarded him. The aggregate amount of his claim is $4,500, being $5,500 less than any claim for professional services yet received.

Sen. Sherman in Texas.

SAN ANTONIO, Oct. 23.—Sen. John Sherman opened the campaign here. Referring to the Ohio election he says it is not a Democratic victory, but a division of Republicans on temperance and Germans, and that at the next Presidential election the State will show it. To night he went to Austin where the State fair opens to-morrow.

No Repudiation.

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 21.—In the examination of the charges made against the management of the State Reform School by Gov. Plaisted, Supt. Farrington made a general denial of the charges and intimated that the Governor had assisted the boys in their wickedness, and thought the boys respected him (the Superintendent) more than they did the Governor. Being asked if he intended to intimate that the Governor had so assisted the boys, he replied he did not wish to repudiate his statement.

WILLIAM PENN.

Friends Celebrate the 200th Anniversary of His Landing—Whittier's Letter and Poem.

CHESTER, Pa., Oct. 22.—The Friends assembled in the meeting house in this City this afternoon to commemorate the landing of William Penn at this place, 200 years ago. So many people responded to the invitation that a large number were unable to gain admittance. John L. Broomall, of Media, Ohio, opened the exercises with a eulogy of Penn, and characterized him as a sound, practical statesman, and a representative Friend. Ella Hood read the following letter and poem from John G. Whittier:

DANVERS, Mass., 10-7, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—It is well that Friends should commemorate the landing of the founder of Pennsylvania and the great apostle of their faith on the pleasant shores of Chester, 200 years ago. An event so picturesque in its surroundings and circumstances, so important in its results and influence, is a subject worthy of the poet's pen or painter's pencil. I should be glad if it were possible for me to put into fitting metrical form the thoughts and emotions which it awakens, but the burden of years begins to rest heavily upon me, and I shrink from the effort of handling such a theme. In spite of the endeavor of the historian, more regardful of the display of his rhetoric and sarcasm than historical accuracy and justice, the memory of William Penn is secure in its grand outlines and unsullied purity. He stands, and shall forever stand with sages, statesmen and philanthropists, of whom the world of their day was not worthy. He lived and thought centuries in advance of his contemporaries, and slowly but surely generations since have been approaching the moral and political standard which he set upon the shores of the Delaware. Looking over some old papers recently, I found some verses written by me when a boy of 16, nearly 60 years ago. Of course the circumstances under which they were penned alone entitle them to notice, but I venture to send them as the only response to thy request which I can make.

I am truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The poem is as follows:

WILLIAM PENN.

The tyrant on his gilded throne,
The warrior in his battle zone,
The holier triumphs ne'er have known,
Of justice and of righteousness.

Founder of Pennsylvania, thou
Didst feel it, when thy word of peace,
Smoothed the stern calcithain's swarthy brow,
And bade the dreadful war dance cease.

On Schuylkill's banks no fortress frowned,
The peaceful cot alone was there;
No beacon fires the hill tops crowned,
No death shot swept the Delaware.

In manners meek, in precepts mild,
Thou and thy friends serenely taught
The savage huntsman, fierce and wild,
To raise to Heaven his erring thought.

How all unlike the bloody band,
That unrelenting Cortez led
The priceless Montezuma's land,
And ruin round his pathway shed!

With hearts that knew not how to spare,
Disdaining milder means to try,
The crimson sword aloce was there—
The Indian's choice to yield or die.

But thou, meek Pennsylvanian sire,
Unarmed, alone, from terror free,
Taught by the heathen council fire
The lessons of Christianity.

Founder of Pennsylvania's State,
Not on the blood-wet rolls of fame,
But with the deeds to suit the great,
The world shall place thy sainted name

Poems were read by Mrs. Sarah Oberholtzer and Mary P. Hawkes, of Chester County, and Henry S. Kent, of Philadelphia. Addresses were also made by Alfred H Lane, President of the Penn Peace Society; Sam T J. Levick, of Philadelphia, and others. The services in all the churches of this city to-day were in keeping with the occasion. To-morrow the bicentennial of the landing of Penn will be fittingly celebrated.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 22.—The celebration of the 200th anniversary of the foundation of Pennsylvania by Wm Penn opened to-day with religious services in the churches of all denominations.

To-morrow night 1,000 Germans assemble in front of independence Hall and sing appropriate songs. At midnight the State House bell will announce the landing day. Preparations for the observation are made on an elaborate scale. Wednesday, "trades' day," will be given over to the parade of the industries of the city and State. In the evening there will be a street representation of the scenes in the life and character of Penn. A reception at the Academy of Music closes the ceremonies of the week.

Thursday is "Knights Templar" day, and Friday "military day." Seven thousand Templars and 20,000 troops are expected to parade. Regattas, chorus song, "meet" of cyclists, unveiling of the statue, etc., make up the other exercises.

CHESTER, Pa., Oct. 23.—The exercises proper of the day began at 9:30, with a representation of the landing of William Penn and his party from the old-fashioned yawl boat at the foot of Penn street, the exact spot where Penn first touched the soil of this State 200 years ago. A large fleet of all kinds of vessels, lying in the river, blew whistles, thousands of people on shore applauded, and bells throughout the city rang out the tidings.

At 10:30 a meeting was organized at the grand stand, where 15,000 people were packed. The meeting was called to order by Maj. Bachman, who made a few remarks. Rev Henry Brown, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, offered prayer, after which over 2,000 school children sang, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Gov. Hoyt then made a brief speech. Rev. Mr. Pancoast read an original poem, which was followed by more singing by the children. John M. Broomall, orator of the day, next delivered an eulogy of Penn and his peace policy.

This afternoon there was a grand civic, military and industrial parade, in which 6,000 people participated. In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 23.—Early as 8:30 the Square from Fifth to Sixth on Chestnut was crowded except a space of about 200 feet on the pavement in front of Independence Hall, which was roped off for the accommodation of 1,000 singers. Nearly 30 societies assembled, and Krentzer's grand hymn, "The Sabbath," was sung. A light rain began falling while this was being done, and the leader shortened the program. Beethoven's "Praise of God," and the "Star Spangled Banner," were sung, the latter with orchestral accompaniment.

At midnight the Bi-Centenary ceremonies proper were inaugurated by the ringing of the State House bell—200 stroke—church chimes of the city sending forth joyous peals.

AN OHIO MAN

Celebrates His One Hundred and Second Birthday.

PAINESVILLE, Oct. 20.—David Gray, of South Mentor, celebrated his 102d birthday to-day. Descendants and friends to the number of about 100 were present to tender their congratulations. Mr. Gray was born in Pelgam, Mass., Oct. 20, 1780, and spent his early days codfishing on the banks of Newfoundland. He removed to Ohio in 1818, bringing with him his wife and six children. The journey was a tedious one, and was made with a yoke of cattle. His settled in a wilderness of dense timber. Industry now standard by industry and perseverance soon became a thrifty farmer. Some years afterwards he removed to the farm on which he now lives, and abandoned farming at the age of 52, since which time he has resided with his son. Through life Mr. Gray has been a man of temperate habits, and has always attended to his own business and not meddled with the affairs of others. Although somewhat feeble, his health is good and he is certainly a most remarkable man for one of his years. He can see to read with the aid of glasses, and his hearing is quite good. He has always been held in high esteem by all who knew him. There were present to day three of his four children, 10 grandchildren, 21 great-grandchildren, and a number of other relatives Of those living who were not present were one son, 15 grandchildren, 40 great grand children, and three great-great-grandchildren. All present received a cordial greeting and hearty handshake from the aged sire. His photograph, taken at the age of 100, adorned the wall, with the dates 1780 and 1882 in evergreens around the picture. A bountiful repast appropriate remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Leroy, of Chardon, following which was the doxology and benediction, after which the visitors departed for their homes highly pleased with a day spent with the oldest man in this section, and hoping that he might live to enjoy more birthday anniversaries.

A John Brown Association.

TOPEKA, Oct. 24.—A number of farmer associates of John Brown in his various operations for securing the freedom of slaves met in this City and organized an association, with Charles W. Foffitt, of Metour, Iowa, as President, and Judge F. G. Adams, of the Kansas Historical Society, Secretary. A number of interesting facts relating to underground railroad operations and movements preceding the outbreak at Harper's Ferry, were brought out during the meeting.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25, 1882.

TRADE.

Trade has been in a healthful condition since the last app arance of the BLADE. With the exception of injurious rains in Texas the weather has been favorable in the cotton regions. The market for manufactured iron is generally weaker. Bradstreet's says there were 184 failures reported in the United States during the past week, 16 more than during the previous one, and 33 more than for the corresponding date last year However, this does not indicate an unhealthy condition of general business.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 5 ₱ cent Prime mercantile paper at 6@8 ₱ cent. Bar silver, 112¾c. Sterling Exchange weak and nominal; rates down ½ ₱ cent; actual business, $4.81½ for 60 days and $4.83¾ for sight. Government bonds unchanged. State securities dull. Railroad bonds inactive. Stocks—After 11 o'clock the market was dull and the general list fell off ½@3¾ ₱ cent., the latter for Central Union, but at noon there was a rally of ½@2¾ ₱ cent.. Illinois Central leading.

Government Bonds—U. S. 5's extended, 101½; 4½s coupons, 113; 4's, coupons, 119½; 3's, 102¼; Pacific 6's of '95, 129

The following will show the changes in Government bonds during the week ended Tuesday, Oct. 24, in comparison with price on Tuesday, the week previous:

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